1 9 5 1

Concordian

Norma Neumann

Dear Norma,

You have been a wonderful dorm "sister" and I know I shall miss you next year. I shall never forget the Freshman Initiation and how I had to polish your shoes and clean your room (that included waxing your floors). But I enjoyed ruby minute. In fact, I'd enjoyed every minute of this year and of knowing you. I sincerely hope that your whole life will be as happy as this year has been and that God's blessing will be upon everything you do.

Love,
Carol

Dear Norma

Its been swell knowing you this past year. Had a swell time at Kearney. Best of luck and success in all you attempt. May God's blessing be on you

Art Doring

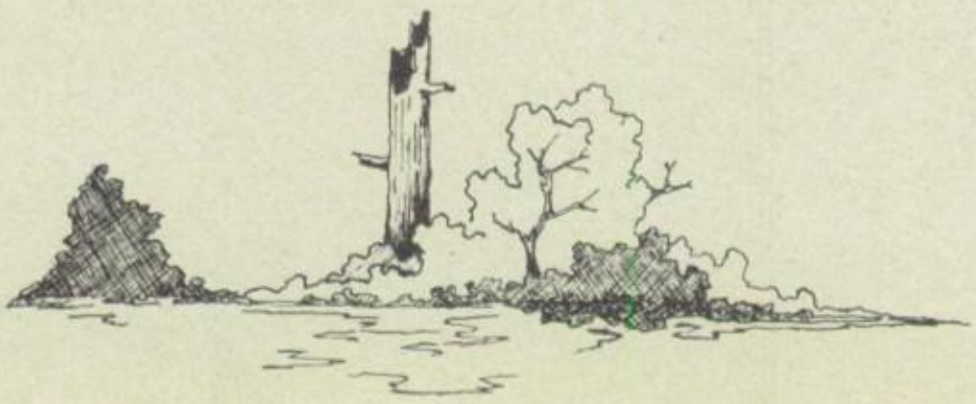
You must listen and know
That we are the trees . . .
For in our sighs and soft-breathed murmurings
We bear the record of the things past.
And while time is steadily, stealthily moving on
We reach out - and grasp those forms and atmospheres
Which you may have forgotten . . .
Listen to us —
We are the trees . . .
We are the pillars of memory . . .

Scattered here and there in the dusty nurseries of our memories are the lonely toys, the long - forgotten symbols of an earlier day - simple things, seemingly insignificant, some almost crude. And yet, embodied in these symbols are those joys and tears of the quiet past, which have been cast aside - as a tree casts off its leaves in wintery weather . . . But let us know that these are the very essence of obscure but timeless portions of our lives, to be held and cherished for many, many years to come . . .

Come now, see . . . . .

Spring at Concordia . . with its later twilights . . and soft, clean, fresh morning smells . . spring, with its thrilling sunsets . . and the perfume of the lilacs down by the dining hall . . The way we watched its coming every year . . with sometimes dampened hopes . . The cry of crows early in the morning . . cool, pleasant walks to breakfast . . .

Concordian



1951

In Dedication...

. . . Our school leader and College Religion prof, President Meyer is known to us as the unruffled, meticulous man—sparing but precise in his choice of words, and carrying in his mind the multitude of details that were involved in his complex and hard working life at Concordia.

At the beginning of this year, with Mrs. Meyer, daughters Margaret and Dorothy, and 3-year old Jimmy, he moved into the president's house, and began a truly successful first year in his new position as President of Concordia.

As for us, we liked him . . . because he was concerned about us, patient with us, and had a solid-sounding voice and laugh that put us at ease in his classes . . . because he gave us a good start in Prep School German and led us safely and tactfully through difficult doctrinal topics in College Religion . . . because he attended our basketball games, took an interest in all our activities, worked willingly and untiringly for the betterment of Concordia and ourselves . . . because he was a father to us when we had a problem and Dad wasn't around at the time . . . because he was interesting and edifying in his chapel addresses, and always had a warm greeting, a welcoming handshake when we came back to Concordia.

We dedicate this annual to President Meyer . . . consecrated . . . humble . . . a friend . . .

Teacher—Administrator—Friend—

Robins, early in the year . . the way they hopped about and stuck out their chests . . Sparkling dew on new, green grass . . shadows cast by the morning sun . . long, and stretching . . Spring, with its blossoming dogwood . . crocuses . . baseball . . "Early" suppers with lots of daylight left for a walk with the girl-friend . . .

Best good wishes to you.
Albert E. Meyer
June 2, 1951

CONCORDIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
BRONXVILLE 8, NEW YORK

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

June, 1951

To the Graduates of 1951

Dear Friends:

Yearbooks are treasures of campus memories to be paged in days to come for delight and inspiration.

We should like to place into your collection of Concordia memories the congratulations and good wishes of the staff which spent these few years in close association with you. All of us wish each one of you a life filled with achievement and happiness as we at Concordia understand these words.

The years you spent on the campus have been filled with events of unusual significance for the world and for Concordia. The mention of a few names bears out the extraordinary character of world events: Korea and McArthur; European Defense and Eisenhower; Universal Military Training and high dust clouds over Nevada. These are days of destiny and days of hard decision.

At Concordia this last year in particular has been one of notable growth: the building of the Village Church; the addition of the Gorman Tract, almost doubling the size of the campus; the construction of the new $500,000. Brunn - Maier Science and Library Building; the Greater Concordia Fund campaign, all achievements which indicate that Concordia is building finer and larger facilities to carry out her mission in the Kingdom and in the world, a mission never more necessary than now.

Against the background of present events the true meaning and necessity of a Concordia education stands out with unmistakable clearness. What do men everywhere need more desperately than to know their own evil ways, to know the love of God, the atonement of Christ, the peace of a good conscience, the obligation of mutual love and service? These truths are at the center of Concordia's education and have given to you, her graduates, a priceless blessing to cherish for yourselves and to pass on to your generation.

We congratulate you upon the treasure you possess and upon the possibilities of serving your fellowmen with this treasure.

As you leave, Concordia invites you to return to her campus as often as you can, to relive in recollection the meaningful years of '50-'51.

Sincerely yours,

Albert E. Meyer
President

Words . . . written and remembered — like messengers that travel back into the past, and there join others, linking the long pattern of the years . . . Here, the words of our President, unifying a collection of thoughts, hopes and prayers — at this, our time of departure.

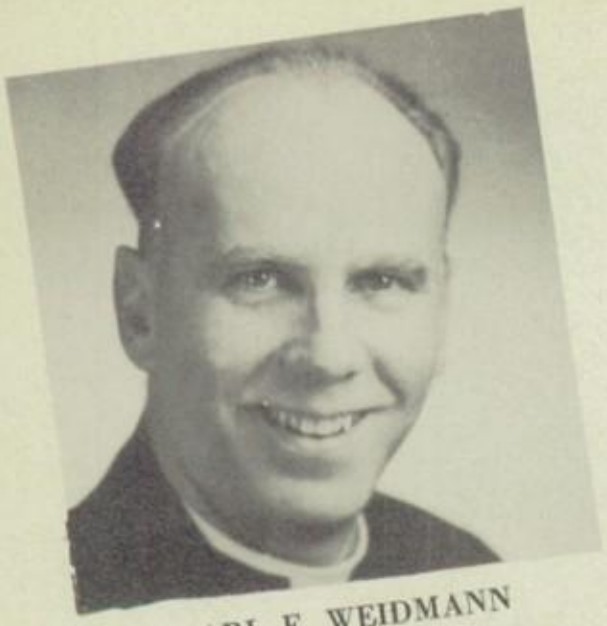
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

Faculty Row—

. . . The shady lane off White Plains Road where our profs lived with their families. And in those red-brick houses (at which we were always welcome) they must have talked over goings-on in our daily lives, and thought about how Concordia's students come and go, and wondered, at this time and that, just where *we* have gone, and what we are doing, and how we have benefited by their efforts . . .

. . . Batting or catching with the boys on the campus behind Sieker Hall . . or perhaps playing the piano in an almost-empty dormitory until study hours . . Thoughts about the coming Summertime . . about the beach . . a job . . maybe about "Ludderland" . . Still, warm nights studying . . that pre-Summer inability to concentrate.

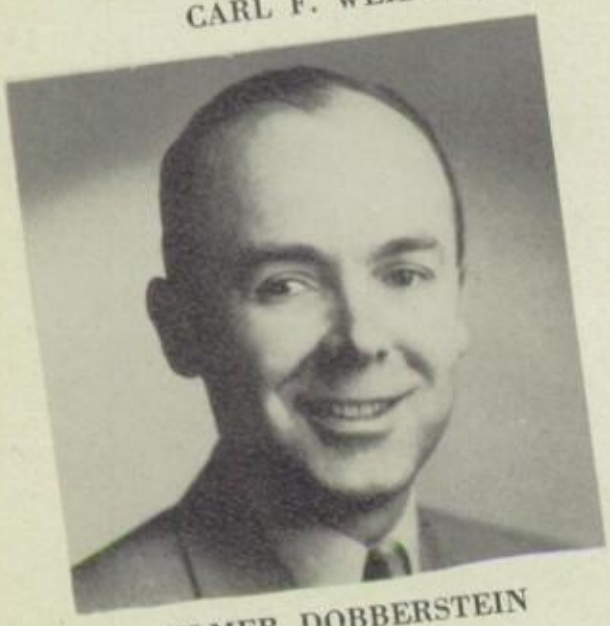
Professors . . .



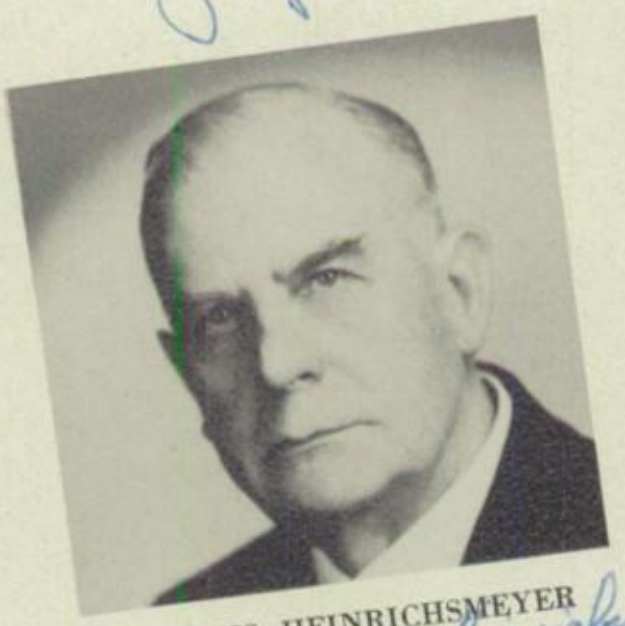
CARL F. WEIDMANN

JON J. SUGRUE

ARMIN MANNING

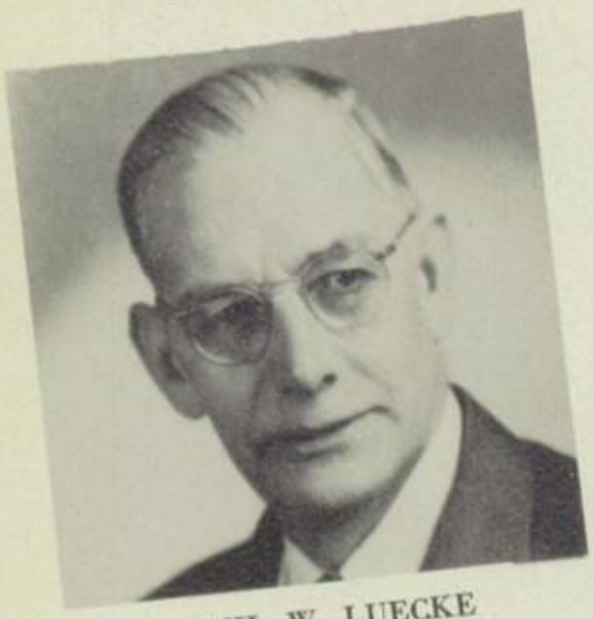


ELMER DOBBERSTEIN

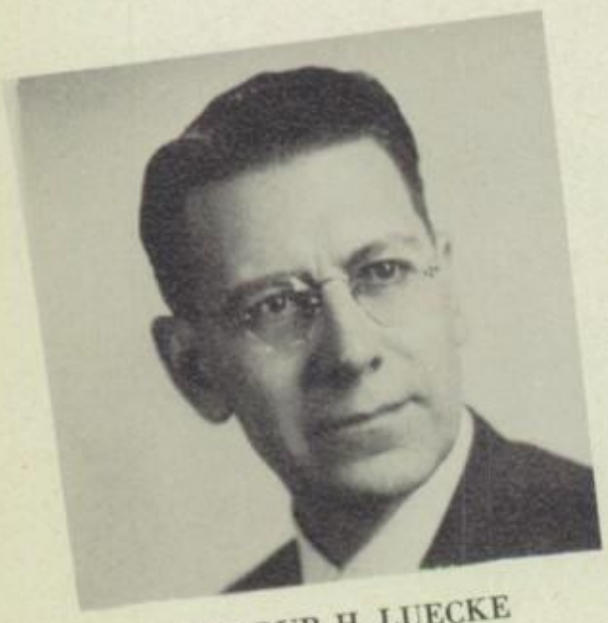


LOUIS HEINRICHSMEYER

VINCENT OLSON



EMIL W. LUECKE



WILBUR H. LUECKE

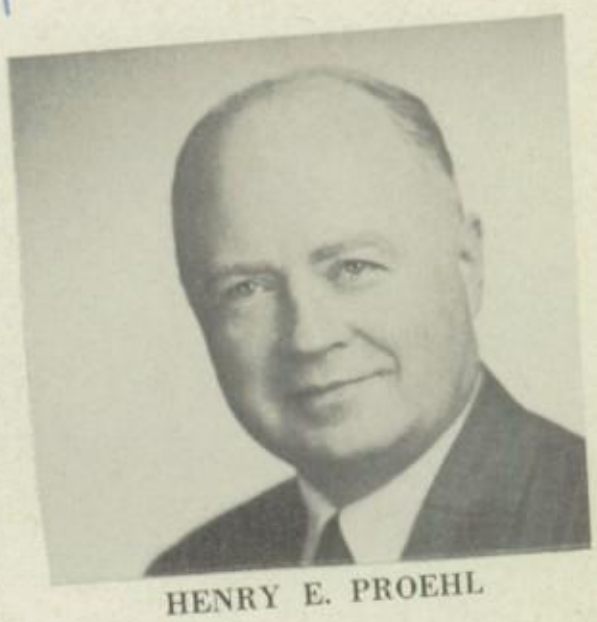
Carl F. Weidmann . . . Scholarly . . . With an insistence on accuracy in Cicero and Greek classes in the prep . . . Who chastised, encouraged, understood us . . . A proud pappa . . . "Weeds". Elmer Dobberstein . . . Friendly, good-natured . . . "Dobby" . . . Prep mathematics . . . Coached the high school baseball and basketball teams through a successful year . . . With an unforgettable smile, and the student co-op on its mathematical keel. Emil Luecke . . . College English and humanities . . . Daily quizzes, with culture mounted on cardboard . . . Tall, dignified, with solid ties, and conservative tweeds . . . Considerate, concerned . . . "Send Out Thy Light."

Wilbur Luecke . . . Genial, nonchalant . . . who took up the reigns in college history, eco, and soc this year . . . With a home-made note stand, and lots of "Rangers" in his classes . . . "Wilbur". Jon J. Sugrue . . . Brilliant . . . With a gentleman's way . . . Who gave of his own time after class to help his students . . . College chem until the half-year, when Uncle Sam recalled a First Lieutenant . . . Black, convertible Buick. Louis Heinrichsmeyer . . . Professor of college German — from beginner's grammer to surveys of lit . . . Our librarian . . . Understanding, sincere veteran of 38 years at Concordia . . . Affectionately — "Pat". Armin Manning . . . Businesslike . . . Our math and physics prof who burned his bridges with a well-worn blackboard eraser . . . An astounding capacity for doing things mentally, and teaching in N. Y. on the side . . . All this, and fisherman too . . . "Come now, people." Vincent Olson . . . "Coach" . . . Strict disciplinarian in phys ed classes . . . College basketball coach with a shrewd new play for every practice, a spirited, staccato pep-talk before every game . . . Flashy ties . . . "Keep those basketballs quiet."

With Patience . . .

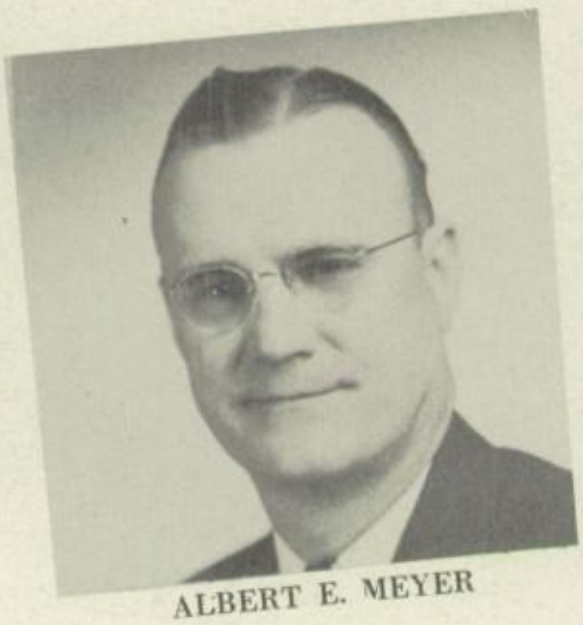
PAUL W. GABBERT

FREDERIC GUTEKUNST



HENRY E. PROEHL

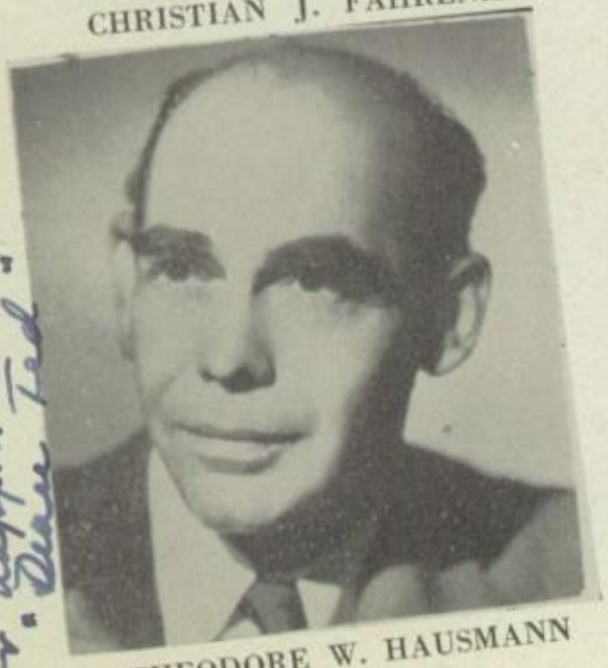
MISS ELLEN STAHLBERG



ALBERT E. MEYER

MISS ELIZABETH A. MADILL

CHRISTIAN J. FAHRENKRUG



THEODORE W. HAUSMANN

Paul Gabbert . . . Keen . . . Always fair . . . Who taught prep social studies and German, and gave full support to all our endeavors . . . A sincere interest in us scholastically, athletically, spiritually. Ellen Stahlberg . . . College business and typing teacher, who recently became engaged to former Coopster . . . Firm, but considerate in class and in the regulation of her girls and their antics down at Ressmeyer Hall . . . Demure. Christian J. Fahrenkrug . . . Active in the interest of C. C. I. and its students . . . He taught prep bio, physics, and chemistry . . . Supervisor of details . . . Head of science department with a big grin . . . "You gotta produce, big boy." Theodore Hausmann . . . Our dean and bio prof . . . Industrious and well-informed, with a big heart behind an air of sternness . . . Who this year added college chemistry to an already crowded routine . . . "Dean Ted".

Frederic Gutekunst . . . Gutmutig . . . In his second year as German prof at C. C. I. . . . With a manner of discipline and teaching which won him a spot in all our hearts. Albert E. Meyer . . . Orthodox . . . College religion prof with spare time at a premium . . . Careful in thought, speech, and action . . . Consecrated . . . Humble . . . A friend. Henry E. Proehl . . . College Greek, Latin, religion . . . Patient . . . Still studious . . . An encyclopedia of classic information . . . "Teach the children how to think." . . . New life for old languages . . . "Hank". Elizabeth Madill . . . Who served faithfully as head of high school English, and tried to understand the ways of the prep division . . . The "dorm mother" of Koepchen Hall, where she won the love and respect of all her girls.

. . . And Skill

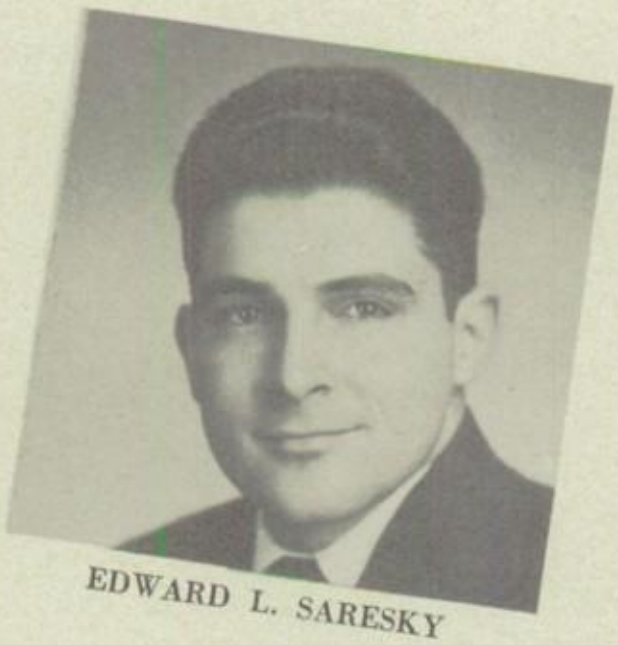
MISS BONNIE LEE DOZER

MRS. ELLEN ANDERSON

DANIEL DE BLOCK

DAVID S. DAVIS

To a good student
David S. Davis



EDWARD L. SARESKY

ERIC H. WILDGRUBE

Pour votre gentillesse vicentuse
Eric Wildgrube Jr.

EUGENE MOTT

DR. IRENE KOENIG

Bonnie L. Dozer . . . Petite, with savior-faire . . . Teacher of French and Spanish, whose extra-academic responsibilities centered in Ward House, where with quiet persuasiveness and enforced rules, she carried out her duties as "mother" of a dorm-ful of rollicking co-eds . . . "Bonny". Irene Koenig . . . Our teacher of freshman health for the college women . . . Well-liked by all . . . Soft-spoken . . . Kind. Ellen Anderson . . . hours of conscientious preparation for our benefit . . . Who tolerated a range of cries varying from "More Bach" to "More freedom". Edward Saresky . . . Imperturbable . . . who taught prep religion and English with excellence . . . A quiet disposition and friendly manner that capably supervised Bohm Hall. Daniel De Block . . . Sensible, sedate . . . Who divided his time between prep religion, civics, and bio, and college chem and bio dates . . . Bohm Hall under control via quiet firmness and understanding . . . "Dan".

Eric Wildgrube . . . Exact . . . In prep Greek and Latin: "Practice makes perfect" . . . The rule enforced with stern methods, terminating with good results . . . A willing, interested listener . . . "Eric" . . . With the respect and admiration of everyone in Sieker Hall. Eugene Mott . . . Inspiring . . . with youthful enthusiasm . . . Our musical director and voice teacher, who brought out our native talents, whether they existed or not . . . With a smile to match the personality . . . A swell guy . . . Grins, and whispered witticisms to bolster confidence . . . Skilled.

David S. Davis . . . Young, good-looking . . . Working toward a Ph. D. . . . With an interest in clinical psychology . . . And never a late co-ed to his classes.

Administration

DEAN HAUSMANN, MRS. GOLLOW

. . . Dean Hausmann, whose administrative time was spent in organizing the curriculum of our school and in the arranging of our course outlines . . . Keeper of the far-famed "Cardex" file, which contained everything from the color of our eyes to the color of our marks — and kept up academic standards.

. . . Prof. Weidmann, prep school principal, who made out programs, headed the Lyceum committee and College Religion Club, and boosted us over the rough spots in our high school years . . .

PRESIDENT MEYER

President Meyer, across whose desk came the difficult and time consuming problems of maintaining in a smooth-running way, the organizational machinery of our school.

PROF. CARL WEIDMANN, MRS. ASPENLEITER

MR. THIEN, MISS FICK

. . . Mr. Thien of Public Relations, who organized all our contacts with the "outside", made good use of his addressograph machines and automobile in keeping the plans and activities of Concordia in the public eye.

. . About our classes . . the early A.M. rush from breakfast to make a Sophomore Greek class . . or a chem lab . . Hum class, with its pages and pages of notes, stacks and stacks of interesting pictures . . Expressions like, "Max, bleib bei mir! "—" Come now, Mr.—, you can do better than that" . . "Brooosco ! !" . . The drowsy, sleepy feeling in the first class after lunch . . .

Administration

MR. BOCKELMANN, MRS. FAUSEL

. . . Mr. Bockelmann, our school bursar, who kept financial tabs on Concordia and Concordians, and advanced us loans without collateral . .

MRS. F. KERN, FRANK KERN, MISS PETTS

. . . Mr. Frank Kern, manager and chef of the all-important dining hall . . . who worked hand-in-hand with Miss Petts in balancing diets and budgets, with Mrs. Kern assisting in the book-keeping . . .

. . . Pastor Halter whose endless labors centered in a Christian Day School, local missionary work, and in fulfilling his everyday duties as a minister — who provided us with "The Village Church" (P. 75) and a status of membership in it during our stay at Concordia . . .

PASTOR HALTER, MRS. V. SCHAEFFER

BOB GLAD, ENGINEER

. Music Appreciation classes . . Bach . . The Ad Building bulletin board, with everything from lost dogs to concerts by Rubinstein . . H2S creeping up the stairs from the Chem lab . . classtime visions of the prof, jumping a tennis court net . . The semi-hypnosis in sunny Spring afternoon classes, caused by watching the slow rotation of the vents on the gymnasium roof . . .

The "Ad Building" . . . where we languished through hours of lectures and labs . . . with textbooks and note-taking, with static electricity machines, fuming test tubes, and strange-looking lower organisms that sopped in and smelled of formaldehyde . . .

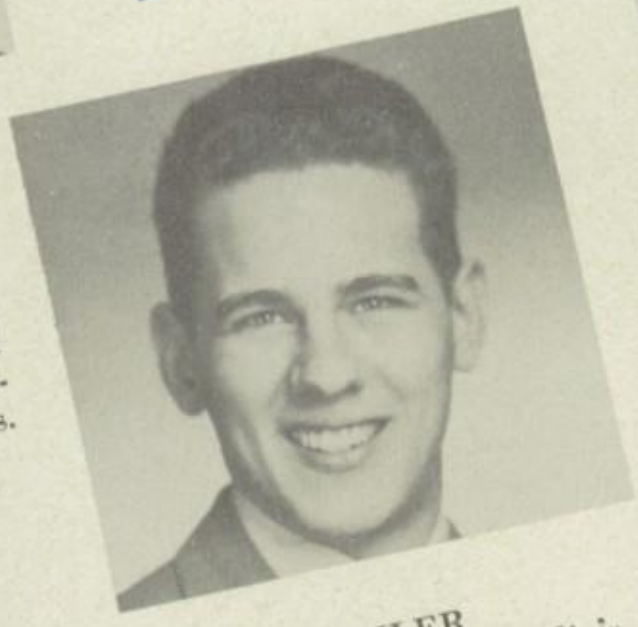
. . . And behind the clacking office machines and rustling papers of those main floor offices, and at the head of every class, were the dependable parts of a well-geared system that helped us to accomplish our purpose at Concordia . . .

Bohm Hall

Beloved Bohm . . . where Old King Clock held sway, and alternated the hours of sound and silence with an iron hand . . . whose doors admitted us to four fleeting years of study, fun, and preparation for maturity — the mark that some of us hit, and others came close to . . . Where beyond windowed doors were stately evergreens, which moved with every breeze from Time's quiet passing . . . that sometimes bowed their heads, and dipped their branches under heavy, snowy mantles.

Bohm Hall Grads . . .

ARTHUR ANDERSON
"Andy" . . . The man from Mars . . . Formerly fast—now fat . . . Why mothers send their daughters to Concordia . . . Skiing, basketball, and swimming . . . A yen for horseplay and a face full of smiles.



RICHARD BEIMLER
"Beemler" . . . Concordia's shutterbug . . . amiable . . . active in sports . . . "Do you want glossy prints?" . . . "Oh, for a Speed Graphic."

PAUL BEHLING
"Porky" . . . Friendly, active, and helpful . . . Always in a hurry to get nowhere . . . Rotates records from his giant collection . . . He can hand a line as well as hold one . . . "How einfach!"

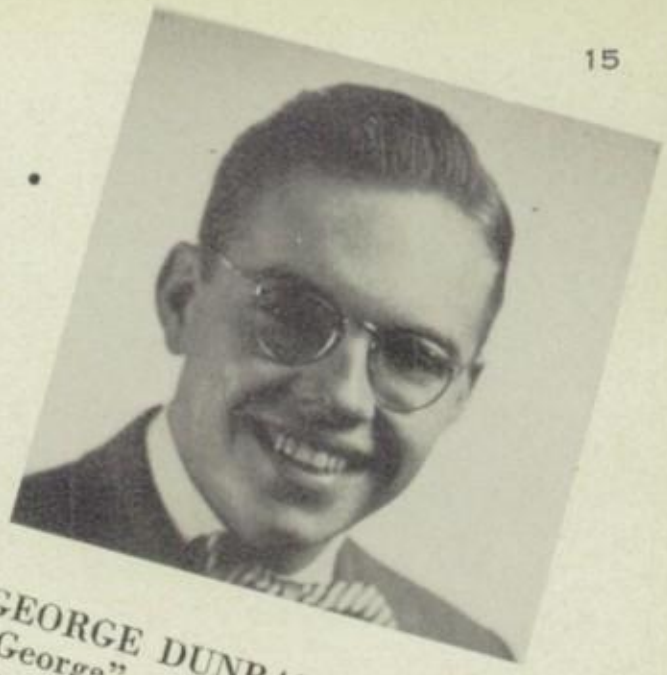
WILLIAM BECKMANN
"Zeke" . . . Easy to talk to, fun to laugh with . . . Talks like a wit — acts like half a one . . . Little Willy will always help out . . . "In Latin, Pastor?" . . . "What do you think I look like?"

RICHARD BLEMASTER
"Dude" . . . Musician, scholar, and gentleman . . . Persistence and perseverance . . . A friend in need is Dick indeed . . . Lofty ambitions with the will to succeed . . . "I've got some letters to write."

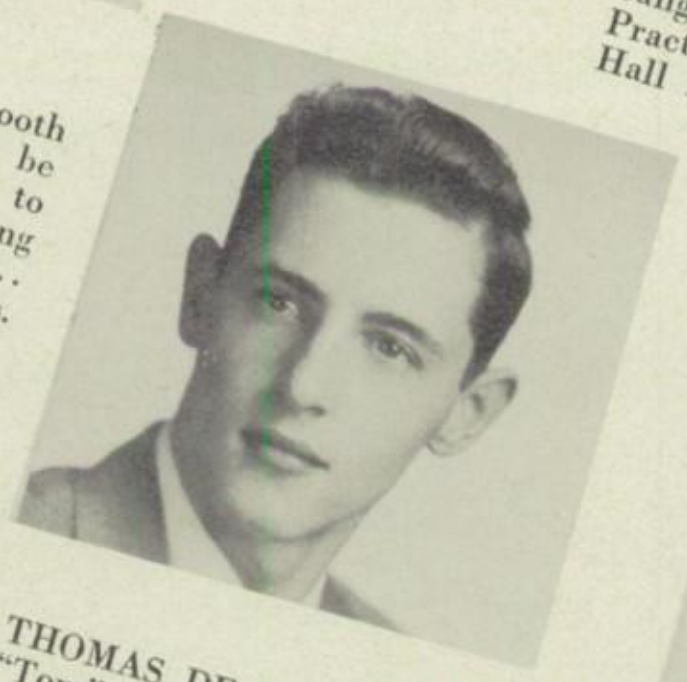
Bohm Hall . . with its dismal silence of the early morning hours . . when but a few industrious souls had arisen . . The feeling of panic upon awakening with only five minutes to make the first period class, while those who had struggled up were poring over "Companions to Cicero", with half-shut eyes . . .

. . . Who Ran The Race . . .

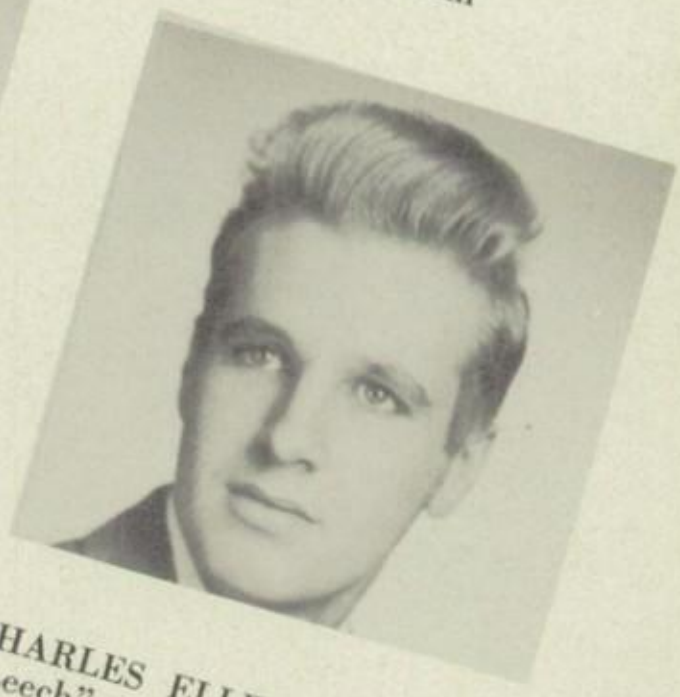
JOHN COLLIER
"Pas" . . . Quiet and smooth on the surface, John can be mischievous . . . Memorial to Jolson . . . Mania for dropping dishes . . . Deep bass voice . . . Futilely frets over professors.



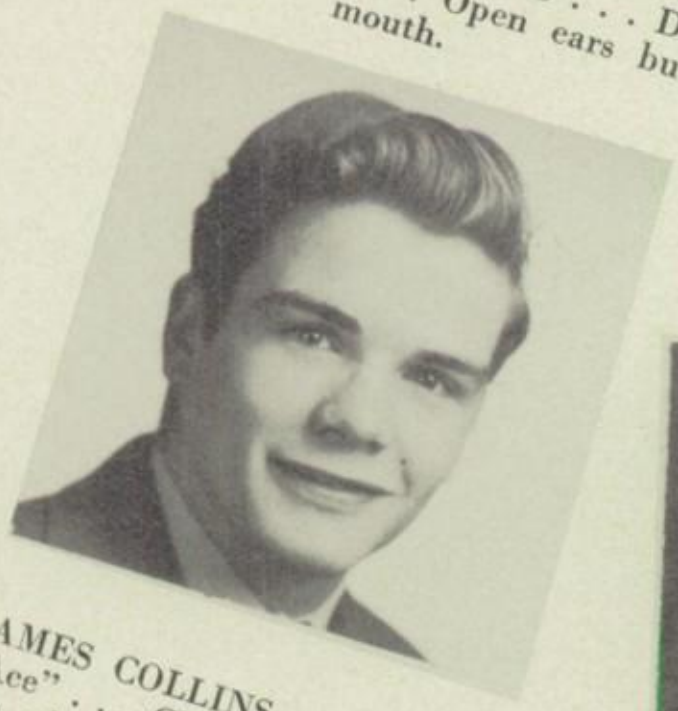
GEORGE DUNBAR
"George" . . . Concordia's artist explicit of the keyboard . . . Brahms, Beethoven, Bach, and Dunbar . . . His tenor voice hindered by a math exam . . . Sang the scales in his sleep . . . Practice sessions in the Bohm Hall Lounge.



THOMAS DEADY
"Tom" . . . Meditative, melancholy, and mischievous . . . Season tickets for two . . . Hair set at 10:55 . . . Dr. Anthony . . . Open ears but a closed mouth.



CHARLES ELLWANGER
"Leech" . . . Never one to worry . . . He takes everything in his stride . . . A boy scout at heart . . . "Hirsch, make my bed!" . . . "A future in the navy." . . .



JAMES COLLINS
"Ace" . . . Claims the distinction of being the baby of the class . . . Affinity for falling objects . . . Active in all sports . . . "There's a guy in my block . . . "

With Faces Forward . . .

RICHARD FISHER
"Fish" . . . Not rash, but ever so fiery . . . Cupid can't pierce his arrow proof vest . . . Sense and nonsense always present . . . "Come on, let me study!"

DONALD GRIESEL
"Greaseball" . . . Loud and boisterous, when he's awake . . . Pleasant weekends at his father's shop . . . Might makes right "Deutschland Ueber Alles."

ALBERT GAAL
"Little Albert" . . . Our class historian . . . A philosophical touch to any discussion . . . Says half of what he thinks and only a portion of what he knows . . . Chess sharky . . . "The library is my home."

RAYMOND GEIST
"Ray" . . . Prexy of H. S. and manager of its basketball team . . . He would hear your problems but seldom have a solution . . . Long walks, if he had the chance . . . Talk of Ohio, Limberlost, or anything in general.

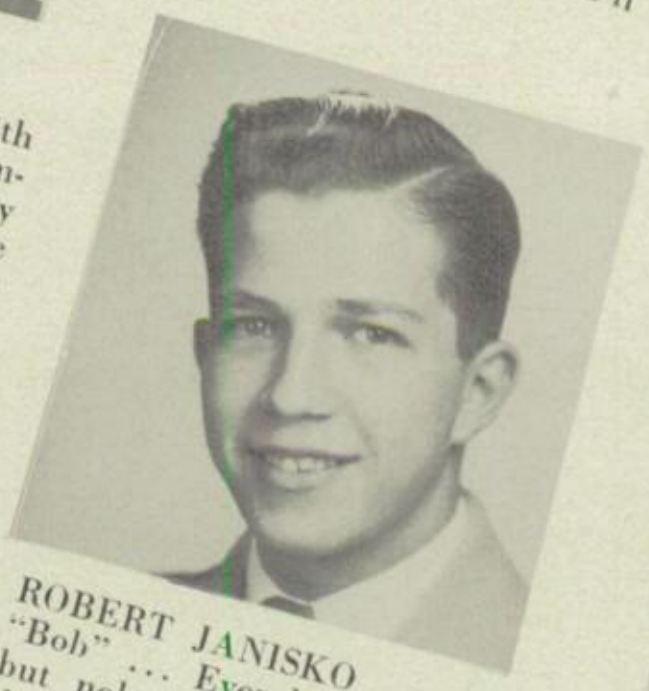
. . . Last-ups excitement before a test, with last-minute question-shooting . . then the contented or disgusted relief at its finish . . Solemn reverence at chapel devotions . . . inspiring, heartening talks . . . The mad dash for the mess-hall, and the lines that inevitably formed . . . laughter at meals . . .

. . . And Heads Unturned . .

RICHARD HARTFELDER
"Pig" . . . A loud noise with curly hair . . . Impulsive, impetuous, imperious . . . Usually just an imp . . . There's more than one way out . . . Bladeless razors.

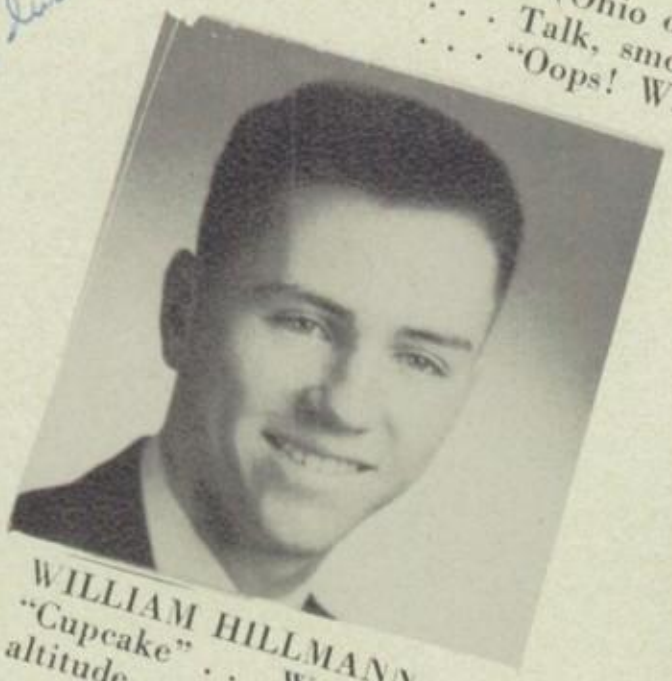
JOHN KRATZKE
"John" . . . Happy-go-lucky yet earnest . . . Perpetual patron of the rec room . . . Our dictionary on legs . . . Outstanding fiction reader . . . Books, pool, and basketball . . . "Yeh, I'll bring it back."

Dear Norma,
Don't let that man get the best of you. Keep your chin up.
Best of luck in St. Louis.
Bill



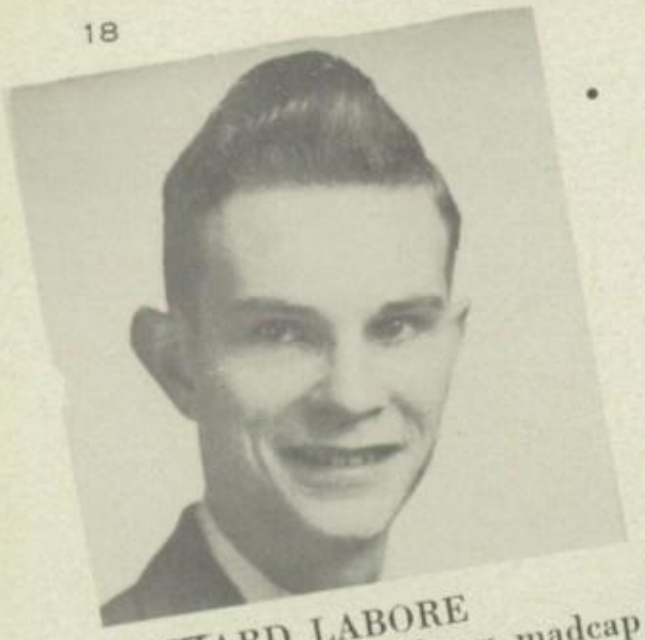
ROBERT JANISKO
"Bob" . . . Everybody's friend, but nobody's fool . . . Forever dreaming of those far away places (Ohio does that to you) . . . Talk, smoke, and women . . . "Oops! Wrong envelope".

RICHARD LA MAIRE
"Walt" . . . Revolutionist . . . Fords, football, and Fraueleins . . . His attentive ear and quiet manner earned him a place in our heart's memory . . . White Plains has its attractions.



WILLIAM HILLMANN
"Cupcake" . . . We all like his altitude, attitude, and aptitude . . . Out for the fun in life, and he gets plenty of it . . . "Dimples" . . . "Sid" . . . Varsity captain . . . "Do you remember that night in Beaverbrook . . . ?" . . . "Don't fight it!"

. . . Through Toil . . .



RICHARD LABORE
"Frenchy" . . . Merry madcap . . . A pal to all profs . . . Orations . . . Assisting at the Village Church . . . If there's something to be said, Frenchy will say it . . . A song in the night.

ALBERT LIEBFARTH
"Peep" . . . Corpulence at its best . . . Fun loving and friendly, he has a heart as big as his form . . . Able class president . . . Deer hunting his specialty . . . "I'm off that diet!"

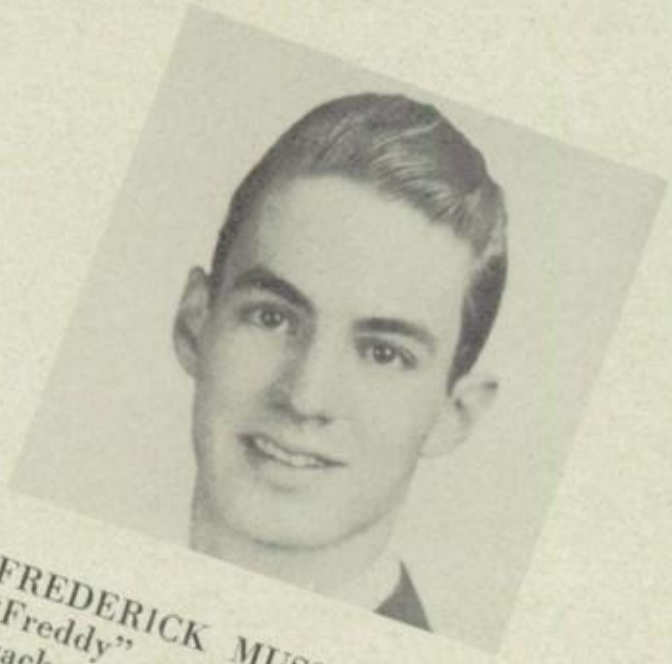
GEORGE LIEBE
"George" . . . Always the last word . . . Buttons and bows . . . Sports his first love, or maybe . . . "Beagle." . . . Gee has a heart of gold . . . "I'd like to, but really I can't."

PHILIP LA ROCHE
"Phil" . . . Faithful custodian of the co-op . . . Sturdy and reliable . . . He is a friend to all . . . Older and steadier than most . . . He'll try his hand at anything.

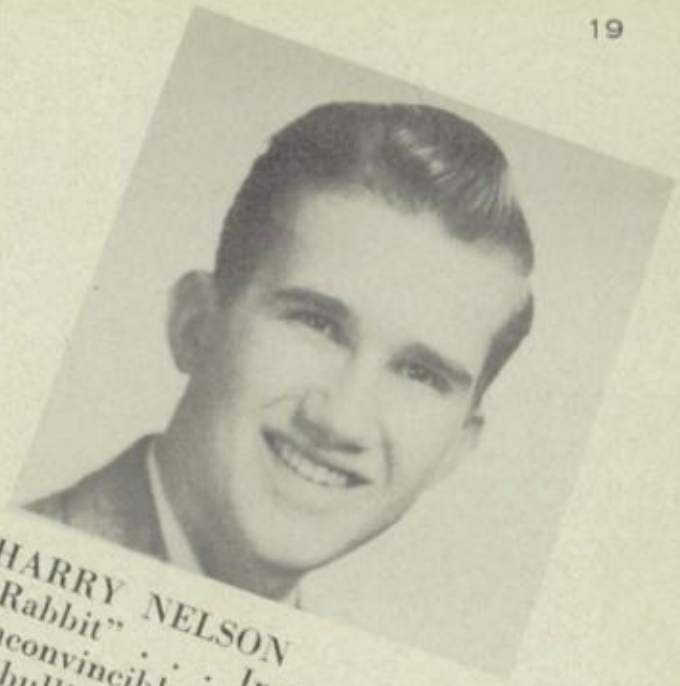
ROBERT LUNEBERG
"Bob" . . . Characterized by nervous energy . . . Hot plate sessions . . . Always on the go . . . "I'm gonna stop smoking the end of this month" . . . "She's gone!"

. . . The restlessness of study hours on Friday nights . . . the sudden stillness after eleven o'clock . . . the boredom and lazy comfort of a Saturday afternoon . . . Free hours spent in the rec room playing pod . . . watching TV . . . or just killing time . . . complete silence of the dorm on any Saturday evening . . .

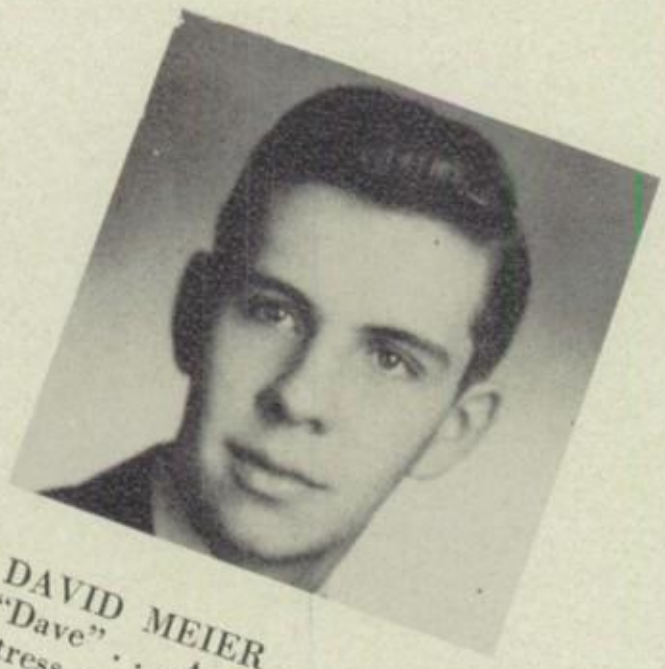
. . . And Tears . . .



FREDERICK MUSSLER
"Freddy" . . . Makes the wrong cracks at the right time . . . Dangerous elbows under the backboard . . . Nothing fazes Fred . . . "Now up in Rhode Island . . . "

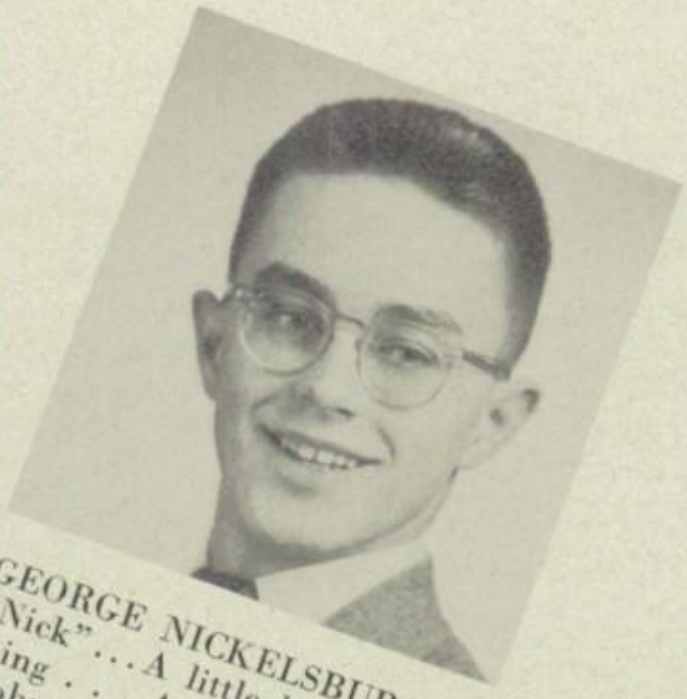


HARRY NELSON
"Rabbit" . . . Invincible and unconvincible in argument . . . Unbullievable bull sessions . . . Stegmeiers and skunks . . . ; "Never shave before a game." . . . "Why should I do anything I don't like?"



DAVID MEIER
"Dave" . . . An actor with more stress on the Hamlet than on the ham . . . Dr. Glockenspiel . . . The high school's contribution to Concordia's quartet . . . He will certainly succeed, if all the world's a stage.

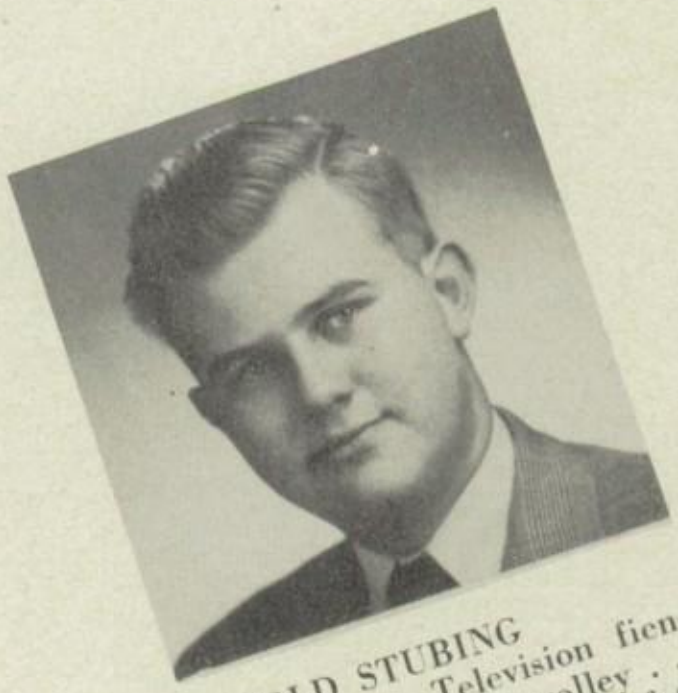
Mamma,
Its been very fine being acquainted with you this year. Your not only a swell person, but your a whiz at tying ties also. May God bless and keep you always.
Dave Meier



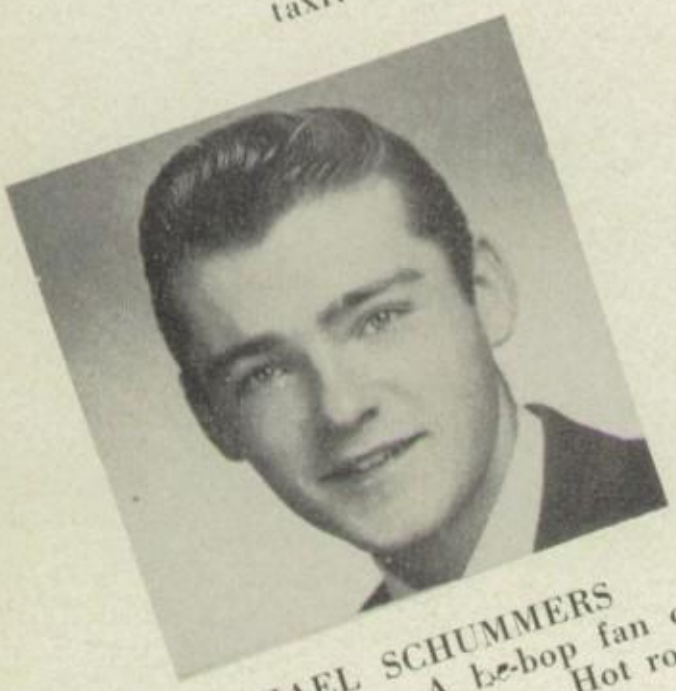
GEORGE NICKELSBURG
"Nick" . . . A little bit of everything . . . Authority on philosophy and doctrine . . . scholastic, scientific, and screwy . . . Greek sleeping period . . . "Heh, did you hear the one about the . . . "

. . . *In Confidence* . . .

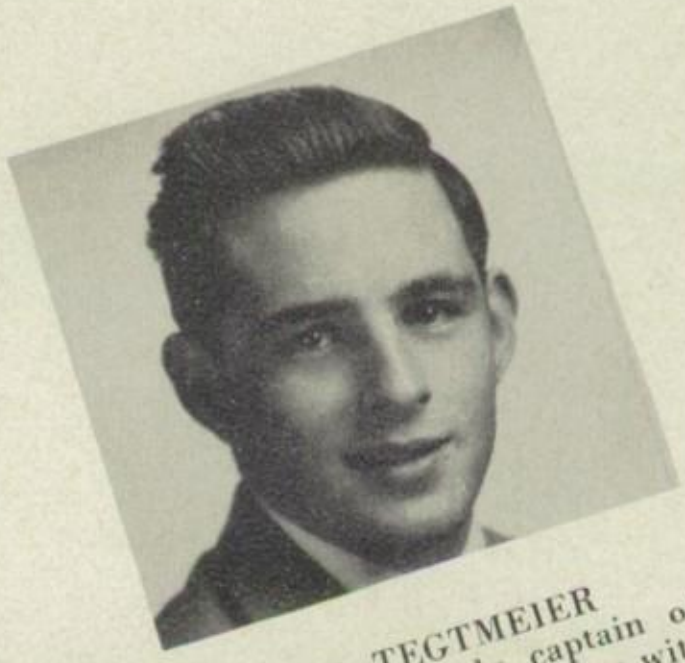
ROGER SCHULTZ
"Schlitz" . . . Canadian Kid . . . Our male Ethel Smith . . . Movie master . . . 10 cent tours through Scarsdale . . . I'm not going to turn my car into a taxi!"



HAROLD STUBING
"Brain" . . . Television fiend . . . Lord of the B trolley . . . Bronxite of merit . . . His father doesn't work, he's a fireman . . . "Did you guys do the physics?" . . . "Only 98!"



MICHAEL SCHUMMERS
"Mike" . . . A be-bop fan of the "nth" degree . . . Hot rods and fiddles . . . Cool cat . . . Tall, dark, and handsome? . . . A summer in Germany means a lot . . . "What a salomi!"

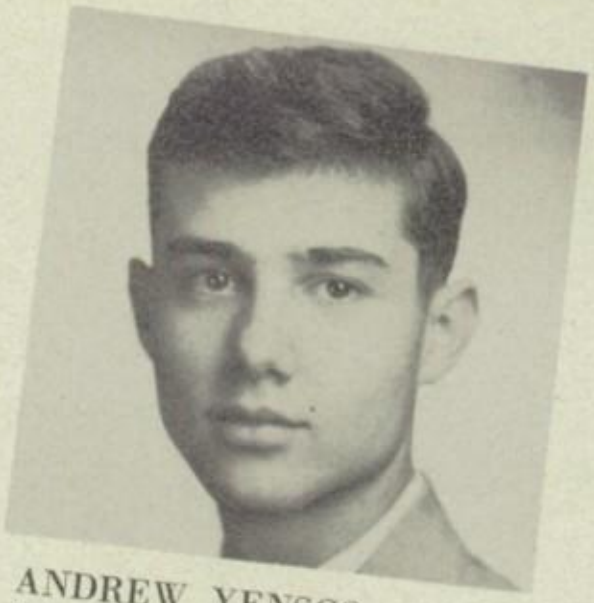


RICHARD TEGTMEIER
"Hotdog" . . . Sturdy captain of the football team . . . Man with the Speed Graphic . . . Anything for the cause . . . Summers in Montana . . . "What do you think I am, a peasant?" . . . "Don't get bitter."

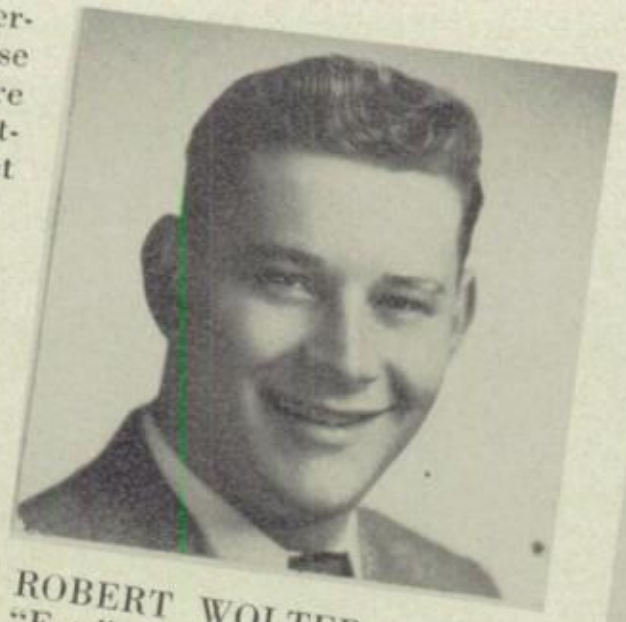
. . . Contentment of a late-hour bull-session . . hours spent laying awake in bed, just thinking . . the longing for something at home . . or just home itself . . Long hours spent in studying, or just dreaming . . Sunday morning breakfasts, with only a few people there, and the question - "Which service are you going to?" . . .

. . . And Determination

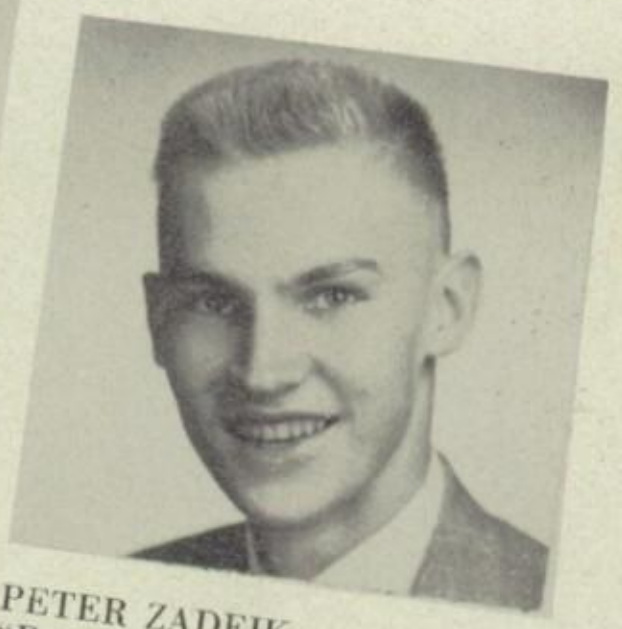
NICHOLAS VAN DYKE
"Nicky" . . . Quiet, considerate, and content . . . A wise crack here, a kind word there . . . If she walks, he's interested . . . "Watch out, or I'll get my mob after you!"



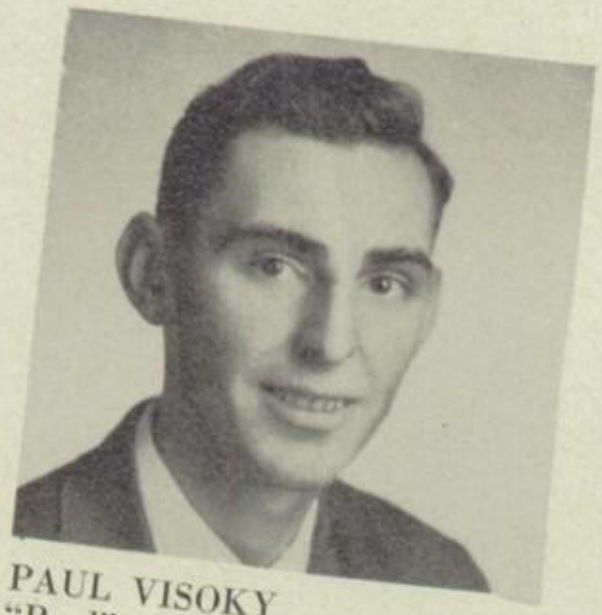
ANDREW YENSCO
"Amos" . . . Ladies' man . . . Carefree . . . Football pro . . . The man with the Dodge, from Yonkers . . . "What did Beverly say?"



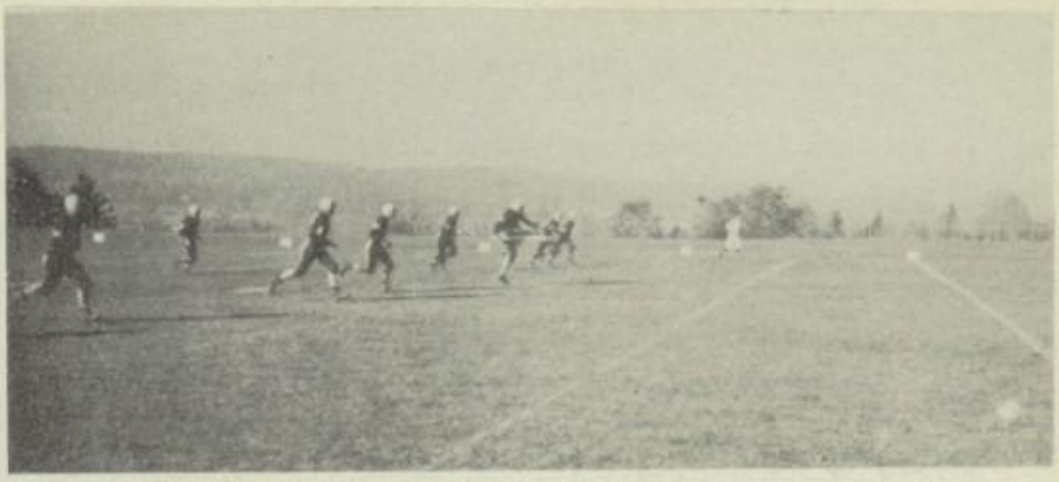
ROBERT WOLTER
"Fats" — The farm's contribution to Concordia . . . Connecticut truck driver . . . Bulky inertia . . . "Tread lightly, the boys are sleeping.



PETER ZADEIK
"Pete" . . . Easy going, but going places . . . Almanac of miscellany . . . Photographic mind and one that will work . . . Active in everything . . . "Why study when you don't have to?"



PAUL VISOKY
"Paul" . . . "Big Chief Little Moose" . . . Yonker's pride and joy . . . "Oh, that Latin!" . . . "I don't need that junk on my car."



These were the days in volatile, explosive Bohm Hall . . . days of working off detentions and hiding from field work . . . of worrying about upper-classmen and the thoroughness of dust jobs . . . days of varsity heroes and classroom brains . . . of door slamming, wrestling, singing or piano playing . . . of lights out at 10:15 . . . studying . . . looking forward to Junior Night . . .

. . . Wanting to be outdoors on sunny afternoons, despite a heap of homework . . . the constant looking forward to summer-time, graduation, the next year, 'mid books and classes, daily routine and work . . . "Little Uncle Fuzzy" . . . "Big Bad Uncle Dan" . . . The constant longing to be somebody . . go somewhere . .

In The Rough—

FRESHMAN

Needless to say, we were the least among many. Scapegoats and servants, bed-makers and errand boys, we had a bit of a job adjusting ourselves to this strange, new life away from home. But as the year wore on, we soon overcame our homesickness and got into the routine of the fun, study, and the field work that was to be had in such abundance up here. The seniors — our task-masters, and at the same time the object of our admiration, were actually what we looked forward to being someday — in maturity, experience, and athletic ability . . . and we thought we had good models to emulate . . .

SOPHOMORE

We arrived in September, 1950, feeling just a little more important, a little more respected at Concordia. There was still the same system in everything when we started our second year at the prep — still the same study hours, the same field work, the same "auditorium" hours in the gym. And during this year we painted the girl's locker room in the gym under the supervision of the "Big Boy" himself . . . and chose for our pin-up girl the second from the left in the Hastings J.V. cheering squad . . . Not aware of it at the time, all of our work, studies, and undertakings were moulding our growth, knowledge, and leadership.

. . . Freshman . . worrying about seniors, laughed at by sophomores . . some go home every week-end . . ribbing . . Annual Senior Dinners . . Junior threats with the big night coming . . Week-ends with blaring radios . . talk . . plan-making for the long awaited week-end ending at the Bronxville movies . . or the Tuckahoe "Itch"

The Polished Product—

JUNIORS

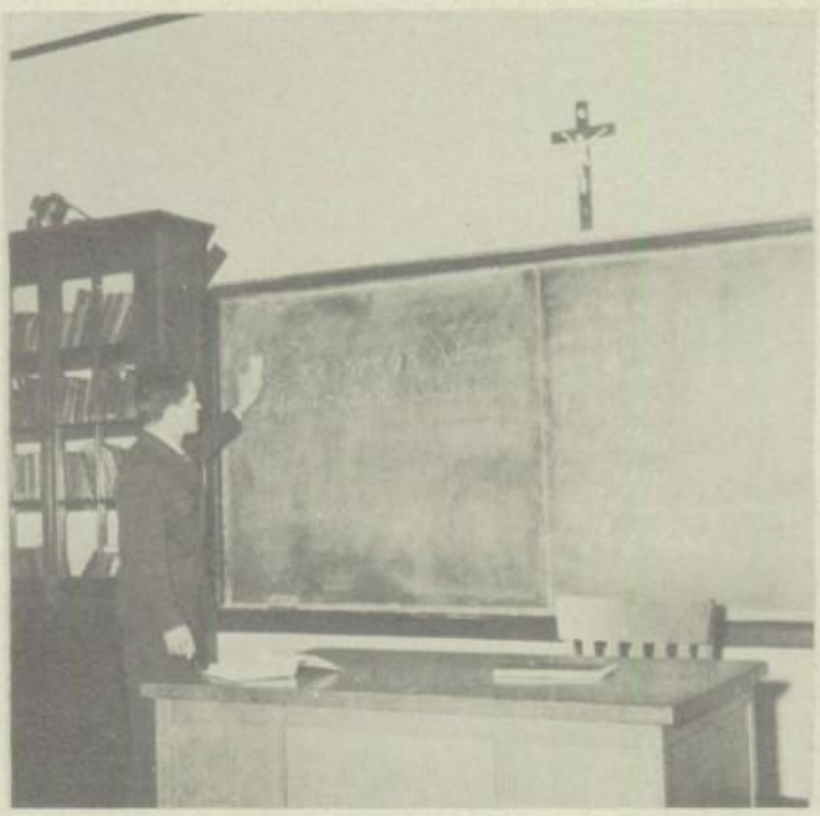
27½ big, bad boys (next year's football squad and Daniel Boone) — with maroon and gold class colors . . . we bought class rings sporting inscriptions that were purely Greek to us, and waited like vultures for Junior Night . . . Outside of detention and study periods, there was still lots of time left over for athletics, afternoon dozing or the anywhere, any time, any-topic bull session . . .

. . . We were getting serious, felt ourselves growing up, and were impatient to be among the "boys on top" — ready, willing, and eager to take over the job of running the prep division in the coming year . .

SENIORS

39 of the biggest, handsomest, most athletic and appealing men in Westchester County (some prep man wrote this) . . . With unofficial class colors of valentine red and chartreuse, we had for our motto "Its not the school, it's just the PRINCIPAL of the thing!" . . . and after four years of brain-work and athletic achievement, we felt perfectly capable of holding our own with anything — football, Greek, solid, physics — anything — even Concordia co-eds . . . Now, in our last year, the prep had come to be a personal thing to us . . . There was plenty to look forward to, but lots more lay behind us in the form of . . . memories, accomplishments, friendships . . . and were we ever George all the way ! ! !

Varsity heroes . . rec-room bowling bowling . . setting up pins . . . ping-pong and pool . . . waiting with impatient impatience, hoping to get your chance to play . . . Lights out at specified times . . . Noisy conversation of seniors coming through the door . . . Prayers . . . . Thoughts, before falling asleep . . .



. . . Ice-skating down at the Rez . . grumbling ice and police as hazards . . work details under the watchful eye of Coach Fahrenkrug and Sweden's gift to Concordia, Coach Olsen . . Counting the weeks, days, hours to graduation time . . Regents Week . . Commencement . . Looking forward to the next Home-coming Day.

And after "all those years", the doors of Bohm Hall opened again for us . . . sent us on to bigger things, but with ever a permanent place in our hearts and memories for those stormy, happy, and cherished years . . .

Somewhat taller, still sentinels of the same old doors, those same evergreens, that ceaselessly rock to and fro, that count off the years like big, dark metronomes - were last to see us leave.

Sieker Hall

Dear Norma
Thanks for the tennis
games. Loads of happiness &
you in the future & Dad
bless you
Jerry
John 11:25 & 26

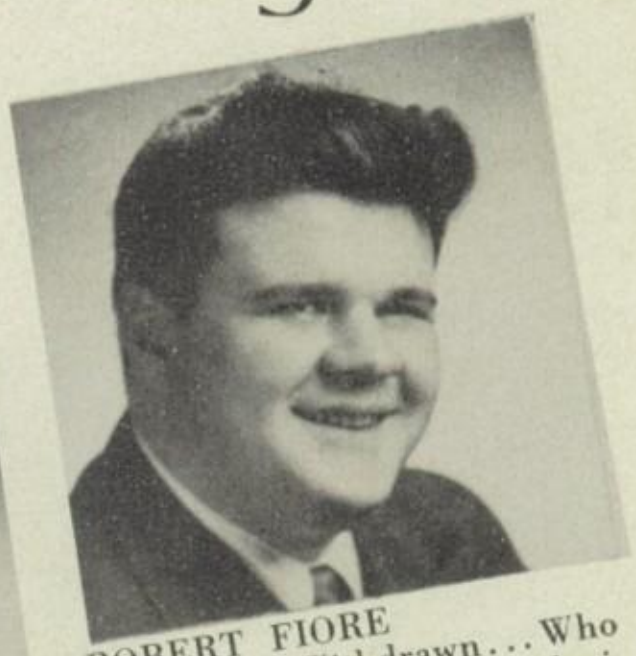
Sieker Hall . . . surrounded on three sides by pine, maples, and hemlock . . . our home, where for two or three years we "men" lived in an environment of lab-books and lexicons, empty words and weighty discussions, serious work, and prayer . . .

The place best described as a "den of activity" at some times, and as a "castle of indolence" at others. And in the months of Christian fellowship spent in these echoing corridors and smoky rooms - the seeds of life-long friendships and acquaintances were sown . . .

Sieker Hall Grads . . .

STEPHEN BRUSCO
"Steve" . . . Studious . . . With a loping stride and a pleasant smile . . . A virtuoso of the violin who finally realized Concordia was co-ed . . . "This is stupid!"

WILLIAM DIEHL
"Bill" . . . Serious . . . A cool, calculating worker with practical words spoken in a whisper . . . That old, red tie . . . Daily vigils at the "hole" . . . "No stuff."



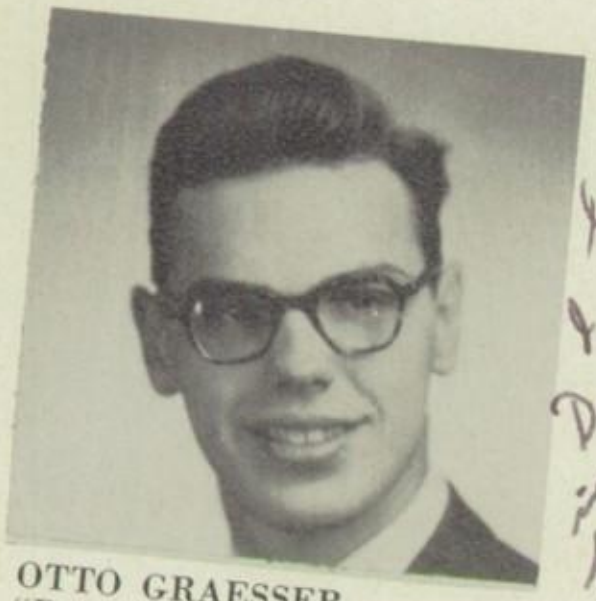
ROBERT FIORE
"Foof" . . . Withdrawn . . . Who extended arguments to "logical" conclusions and conducted all-night study sessions . . . A laugh to rock the dorm . . . "This whole affair is botchy."

DANIEL BUROW
"Danny" . . . Talkative . . . With an air of charm . . . A careful thinker with an interest in church history and a love for Bach . . . Born in India . . . Going back . . . "Yeah, but . . ."

LAMBERT GABBERT
"Gabby" . . . Amiable Midwesterner with accent to match . . . Sharp sweaters . . . Problems in Greek grammar . . "Whaat?" "I'll ask my bud for his car."

Sunday afternoon walks in Springtime . . . weekly room-cleaning and how easily it was put off until the "next time" . . . The early semester run on the store for desk-blotters to cover the transoms with . . . Fireplaces made of cardboard cartons and crepe paper . . Tough Greek words, and their shades of meaning . .

. . . With an Air of Wisdom . . .



OTTO GRAESSER
"Buzz" . . . Self-assured . . . College mailman with a monopoly on Ward's Bendix . . . Undaunted hitchhiker . . . Collector of catalogues who lost his shirt at Ressmeyer . . . "Oh, sure . . .

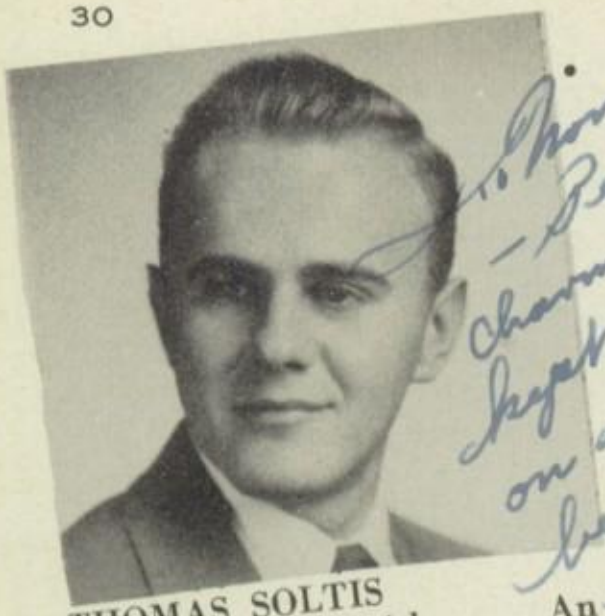
KARL MEYER
"Heine" . . . Dapper . . . All alone in calculus . . . Sport shirts, drape suits, and clicking heels . . . Who shoots a sizzling game of golf and blows a torrid sax . . . "You're looking very salubrious."

RUDY KOGELMANN
"Rudy" . . . Dependable . . . Local chauffeur to anywhere . . . Lord of a Scarsdale manor . . . Tall, dark, and a bad left leg . . . Passion for plants . . . "They won't draft me."

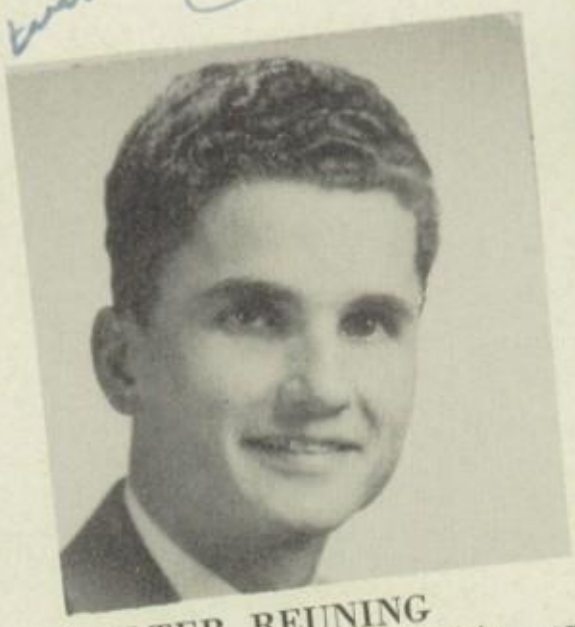
ROBERT OLSON
"Olie" . . . Nostalgic . . . Who studied through the night and slept through the exam . . . Fond thoughts and letters Bristol-ward . . . A lover of cowboy music and German . . . "This stuff is getting me down!"

ANDREW JESSUP
"Jes" . . . Spruce . . . That blue convertible for a grey Cad . . . A taxi to basketball games . . . Distinguished by pipe and plaid hat . . . An eye on the Air Corps . . . "Fares, please!"

. . . And a Tinge of Pride . . .

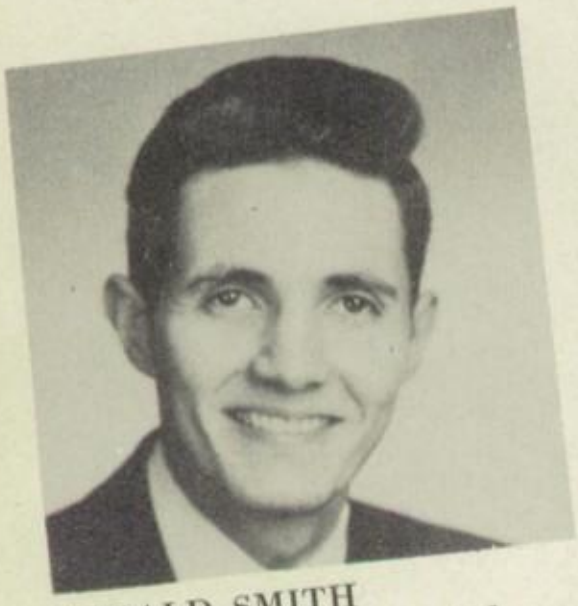


THOMAS SOLTIS
"Tom" . . . Roguish . . . An astounding question for every class and a riot in religion . . . Welfare Island driver . . . Short story writer . . . With hot plate, soup, cocoa . . . Who'll some day preach in Slovak . . . "Get a load of this physique!"



WALTER REUNING
"Walt" . . . The easy-going organist . . . Who lowered our ears for fifty cents a pair . . . And indulged in afternoon tennis with "The Voomp." . . . "I don't believe in going steady."

PAUL THIELO
"P. T." . . . Purposeful and sincere . . . Our student body president and Mrs. Anderson's right-hand man . . . With quick deals and lots of committees . . . The life of any party . . . "Zofto-Bah!" . . . "What's the deal here, anyway?" . . . . "Studs . . . "

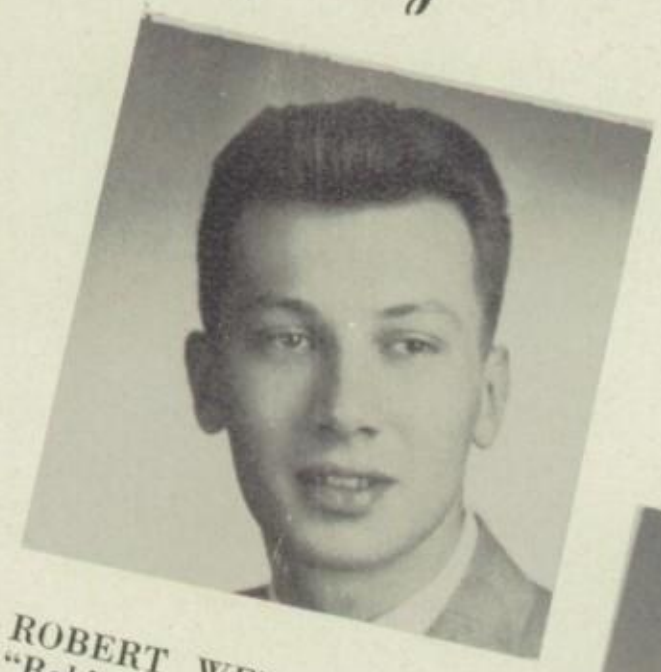


GERALD SMITH
"Smitty" . . . Consecrated . . . Resolute . . . Backbone of the Inner Mission group . . . And an ardent chess enthusiast . . . Keen, stable debater . . . Aspiring poet . . "Whadda y' mean?"

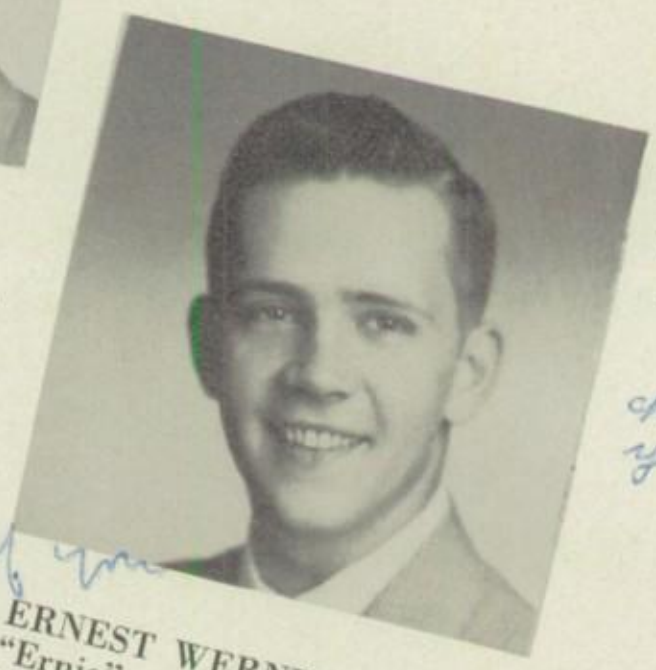
ROBERT TRAMM
"The Whip" . . . Who beat a trail through Sullivan County on a big, but unsuccessful deer hunt . . . The little man with the mighty drum . . . "Breakfast? I need the sleep!"

. . . Hunting for a cigarette in an empty dorm . . . Hours of frustrating attempts in Chem lab . . . attempts at "looking busy" . . . Pilfering of milk, bread, peanut butter from the mess hall . . . The tunnel to the gym . . . How a three-year Pre-Theo feels at graduation time . . . or a six-year man

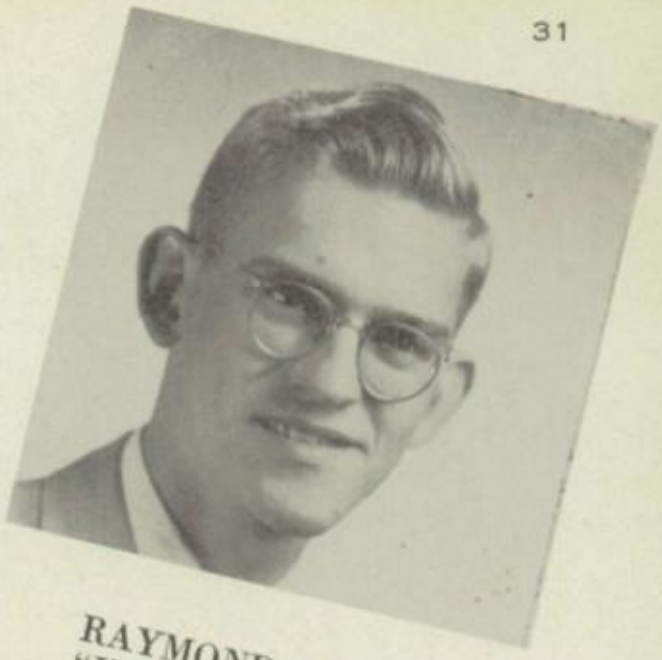
. . . Moving On . . .



ROBERT WERBERIG
"Bob" Explosive vitality . . . Drive . . . The busy editor with melancholy weekends and nocturnal walks . . . Atom bomb pessimist with a soft spot for his male chorus . . . "What day is this?"



ERNEST WERNER
"Ernie" . . . Intelligent . . . Keen thinker with a reservoir of words . . . An across-the-mess-hall laugh . . . "Holy mackerel! You should see the socks under my bed." . . . "That woman moves me!" . . . "That



RAYMOND WYPPICH
"Voompy" . . . Quiet . . . with a big gun and a "Popeye" pipe . . . Unpretentious and sincere . . . A port-sided tennis player, with an affinity for organ lessons . . . "This stuff ain't too tough."

. . . Pre-meds, pre-theos, liberal arts students, science majors — all living together in the same dorm . . . A good combination of intelligence, talent, hard work . . . and fun . . . group with a taste for anything and everything from Saturday-night dates to Bach fugues on the harpsichord . . . guys who sang, played pinochle, labored over assignments, took part in sports, and were responsible for the financial success of the bean wagon . . .

MISS PETTS
. . . Our school nurse, who subdued colds, bruises, aches and pains with a variety of pills and medicinal concoctions, but drew the line at benzedrine . . . a willing listener to idle talk or dilemmas of the lovelorn . . . able . . . efficient . . . ambitious, with definite plans for the future . . .

STUDENT COUNCIL

CONCORD STAFF

Spokes In The Wheel

STUDENT GOVERNMENT, under the guidance of its president, Paul Thielo, and prep leader, Ray Geist, saw a rebirth of vitality this year. After an inspiring student government convention at St. Louis, its leaders put into action a series of programs and reforms which may affect our school for years to come . . .

... The STUDENT BUILDING COMMITTEE swung into action toward the middle of February, planned banquets and field trips, organized contests, and generally assisted Pastor Stammel and Mr. Schurmann (P. 72) in publicizing a fund-raising program for the new Science-Library Building.

College representatives were Art Erb, Bob Smith, Paul Malte, and Ruth Donahue, for the Prep School — Phil La Roche.

. . . Ernie Werner, editor of "THE CONCORD", our school paper, with the able assistance of Phil Kraft, Danny Burow, and a dependable crew of news-hounds, polished off reams of copy and yards of typewriter ribbon through this year. And when the final night of dummying-up was over, this group was held responsible for delightful bi-monthly resumes of our fast-moving life at C. C. I. . . .

. . . The "Concordian" Staff, which overcame big problems, and was frequently overcome by lesser ones, was steered through a hectic year of layout, copy, and photography by editor Bob Werberig, who classified his staff as "tops"... the group that strained brains and physical resources to cram as much of Concordia between the pages of this annual as was financially . . . and humanly possible...

STUDENT BUILDING COMMITTEE

CONCORDIAN STAFF

Sicker . . . with midnight water-fights in the wash-rooms . . . corridor singers and orators . . . late-sleepers . . . Eavesdropping on faculty meetings from Mason's room . . . "Roellig's got a telescope in his room!" . . . Saturday mornings . . . and how they flew . . . Quartet harmony from some remote part of a quiet dorm.

Every Inch Concordian—

Best of Luck always. Ronald Metzger

To Norma, the sweet thing from Ressmeyer whose theme song was "Danny Boy." Best wishes and God's blessing in your every endeavor.
Bob Smith

. . . One of the most enthusiastic classes to appear on C.C.I.'s campus in a long time, — these freshmen had the year well under way by the time we sophomores arrived. As far as we could see, they weren't "green" for long, as many of them took the initiative and quickly acquainted themselves with the entire student-faculty family at Concordia. Fun loving, with an occasional shade of worry about "getting through", they spent their first year at this place alternating between hours of academic effort, and wholesome, uninhibited fun . . . looking ahead to a better, more perfect year.

. . . Pressed into service by the usual tasks accompanying our Sophomore status, and fully aware of the weight of our study schedule, we second and third year students carried on our shoulders the responsibility of arranging and organizing student undertakings, and turning out school publications . . . . Chock-full of new enterprises and activities, our last year at Concordia flew by . . . We could look back and feel pretty satisfied with ourselves and what we were leaving for the ones who would take our places. Those coming after us had something to build on . . .

Dear Norma, It's been great knowing you this year. Hope all goes well and that really gave you a start toward that basketball Mrs. God Bless you in all your ways. Bess

10 P.M. chapel services . . . Late retirers . . . squeaking washroom door on the second floor in the wee hours of the morning . . . Saturday nights . . . meticulous shaving, pants-pressing, tie-borrowing . . . the wait at the girl's dorm . . . the movies . . hot fudge sundaes at Nielsen's . . conversation . . some superficial . . some deep.

Dear Roommate,
It was nice knowing you this year. I'll never forget the fun we had in choir. Be a good girl and may God bless you.
Hank

. . . The Religion Club . . . where vague concepts were crystallized into something tenable . . . and mental abilities were sometimes put to the test . . . The Men's Chorus . . . 'Now Let Every Tongue" . . . The planks outside the Bohm arcade that "splotched" after rainy days . . occasional Spring thunderstorms . .

Dear Norma,
It's been swell knowing you
this year. God's richest blessing
in the future. Best Wishes and
lots of luck. Take care
of Donny. Herman

Here we had matured - had slowly and steadily ripened in body and mind . . . With a tinge of strange new sorrow we moved on - left those almost sacred cubicles and corridors to the "men" following close behind us . . . It was the end of something new . . . no time for looking back though, as distant horizons were waiting to be crossed . . . We went away in early summer, while outside our old dormitory windows broad green maple leaves fluttered and danced in the morning sunlight . . . touched old Sieker's sides . . . attempted unsuccessfully to communicate with us once more.

Ressmeyer Hall

Dear Norma,

Thanks for all the comforting advice you gave me. you make me have faith in the 'best year.' Thanks for the abundance of assistance you gave me in helping a certain person overcome the trait of shyness.

You have a wondaful life ahead of you, and I know that your determination will accomplish all the things you have planned.

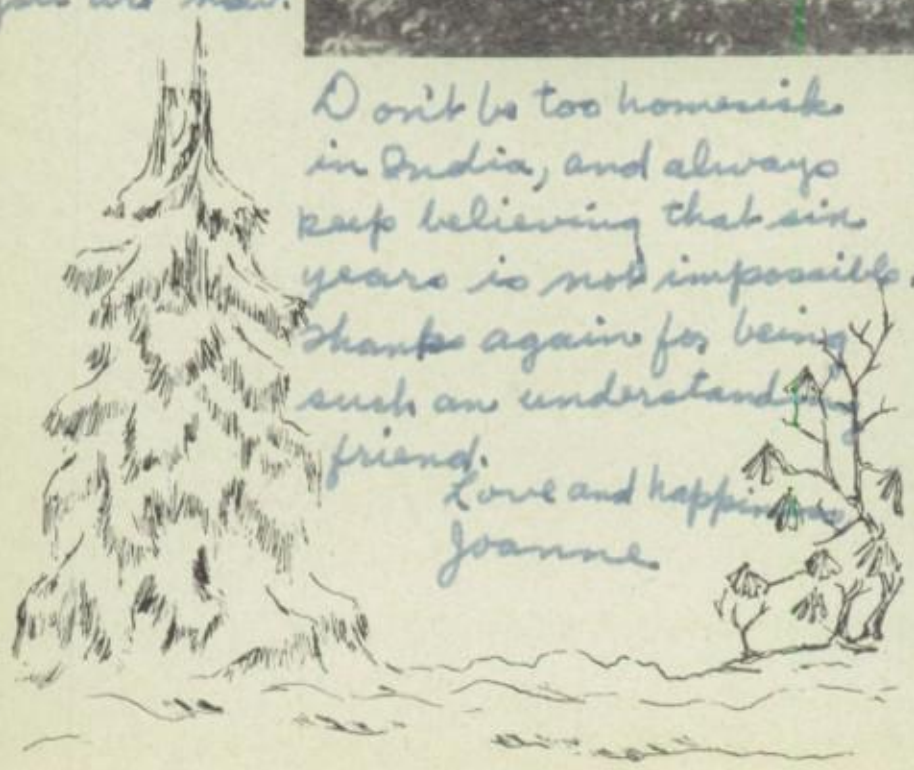
Remember the arguments we had about idealism vs. realism.

Remember the time my father went in and out when you an Danny were in the vestibule.

Always stay as sweet, but definite, as you are now.

Don't be too homesick in India, and always keep believing that six years is not impossible. Thanks again for being such an understanding friend.

Love and happiness,
Joanne



. . . Out of our parents' cars, baggage and all, we walked up the front path — past the spruces on the front lawn — to the hollow-worn, wooden steps of Ressmeyer Hall. That was on a vaguely-remembered September morning some few, short years ago . . . And now, as we look back into the many months we spent there, we find that it takes time to enumerate all the details of our teen-aged days, both at this school and in the dorm . . . at a quick glance we only remember Ressmeyer as the home of one big whirling atmosphere, the atmosphere of youth — packed with all the meaning and charm that that word holds . . .

Every inch of Ressmeyer . . . from its front walk . . . up its winding staircase, . . . to its "sun roof" — ours to have and to remember . . .

Ressmeyer Grads . . .

LOUISE BUNZEL
"Louise" . . . Painstaking . . . First to bed and last to rise . . . Blue elbows to match the twirling uniform . . . Knitter of argyle socks and sweaters . . . You old pot."

NORMA NEUMAN
"Norma" . . . Maternal . . . In basketball, a fast and furious dribbler . . . Advice to the lovelorn . . . Works on a schedule . . . Talks with her eyes . . . "Don't be bitter."

HELEN ROSCHER
"Helen" . . . Welcome mat for mice and squirrels . . . Scintillating . . . Energetic . . . Black-eyed Homecoming Queen . . . Athletic . . . "Who? Gee Whiz-ikers!"

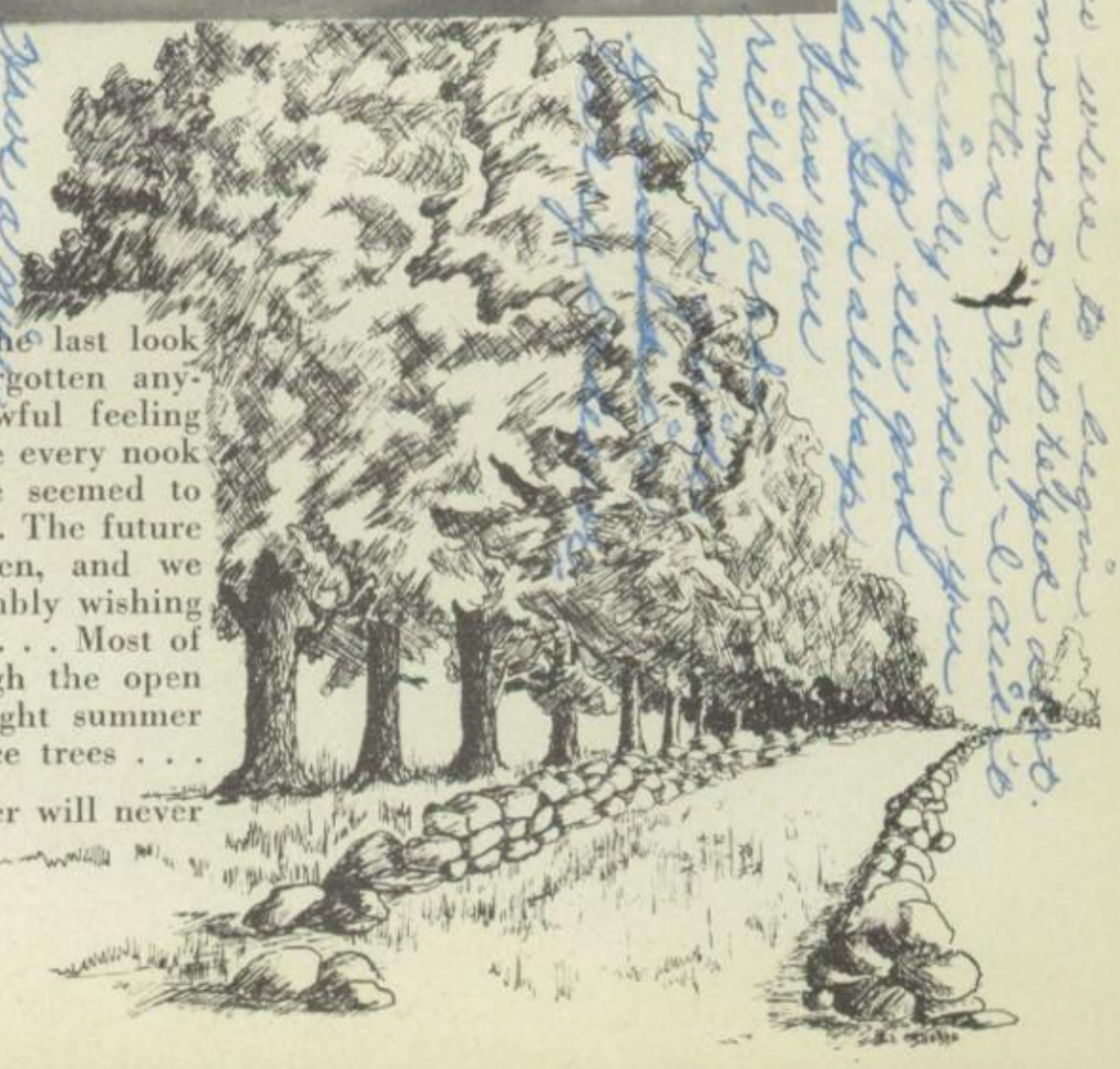
CONSTANCE DIEHL
"Connie" . . . "Patience Prudence" . . . Unaffected . . . Ressmeyer's rule by example . . . Keeper of the candle and brother Bill . . . With an ever-ready crying-shoulder . . . "It's up to you."

. . . Autumn at Concordia . . . trees . . . the gradual gain of color in everything . . layers of rustling, golden leaves . . the far-away grating sound of someone raking on Faculty Row . . brisk air . . Crisp, dry leaves that skitter and roll on porch rooves . . or swirl with the wind under a street light on White Plains Rd.

Ressmeyer Hall . . . where with muscles and endurance acquired from twirling and cheering practice, we girls were always in good shape for chores like ironing and washing, rug-beating and room-cleaning . . . with home-made harmonies and dungarees . . . where a "private" telephone booth netted dates that everyone on the stairs never knew a thing about . . . and Sunday afternoons were for idle walks . . . and bringing home flowers from the Rez . . .

Dear Norma,
I'll never forget the way you looked that sad morning – simply heartbreaking
If Dan could take leave you then.....
It was swell knowing you this year – Best of luck always.
Love ya,
Dot.

. . . Sunday morning walks to Waverly . . the newspapers . . coffee and a limey for those who missed breakfast . . . tennis racquets . . . Full Autumn moons that rise slowly, that shine big and yellow through old, leafless branches . . . Rose Avenue . . . the athletic field . . . rocks, pines, stone steps . . .



Then came the day when we took the last look around our rooms to see if we'd forgotten anything . . . and with a heavy, sorrowful feeling walked down those carpeted stairs, while every nook and cranny of this old familiar place seemed to burst with significance and meaning . . . The future didn't seem worth thinking about then, and we stood in the still air of the lounge, dumbly wishing that Concordia was a four-year college . . . Most of us quickly said goodby, walked through the open door and down the steps into the bright summer sunlight, past the tall permanent spruce trees . . .

If and when we come back, Ressmeyer will never seem the same . . .

Koepchen Hall

Koepchen Hall . . . where an oval driveway separated the concrete stoop of our dorm from a little island of long-needled pine trees . . . where a broad, glassed-in porch separated the outside from a unique kind of pandemonium that was composed of everything from grapefruit parties to the renditions of Koepchen-styled Chopin . . . where all our "zaniness" and laughter was tempered by a habit of daily devotions . . . and real spiritual sincerity . . . This dorm - almost too big for us - had a character and personality all its own . . . but we realize now, that these qualities were drawn from a source which in reality was the sum total of all of our own . . . we were, heart and soul, the very nature and essence of Koepchen Hall . . .

Koepchen Grads . . .

ELLEN DONAHUE
"Ellie" . . . Intellectually accurate . . . A loquacious economist who put many a pre-theo to shame with her doctrinal knowledge and scriptural quotes . . . fledgling pianist . . . "Let's get this down to a science."

Dear Norma—
Best luck and happiness in the future for a wonderful girl. We had lots of fun with those "fellows" in here.
Love,
Heli.

HELI KASK
"Heli" . . . Good-natured . . . Dancing fingers on accordion keys . . . Plays basketball wholeheartedly . . . Found a paradise at Macy's . . . "We learned it in soc, you know."

NANNY KISS
"Nanny" . . . Diligent . . . Substitutes for an alarm clock . . . Partner in chem lab duets . . . Jokes designed to amuse . . . "Don't eat so fast!"

Dear Norma, time
It has been a nice two
to know you these
years at Concordia.
You were always
cheerful and active,
encouraging others
stay as wonderful
as you are.
Best wishes for
the future
Love,
Nanny

ELIZABETH HEDBAVNY
"Liz" . . . Versatile . . . Who stored food in Pepsi bottles . . . And was Hostess' Club president . . . Extolling the virtues of vitamins . . . Especially fond of eggs, oranges, and English lit . . . "Turn some gloppy music on."

Dear Norma,
It certainly
was fun at work
these last few.
I wish you all the
success & happiness
in Maryland
hay God Bless
You Always!
Love,
Liz

DOROTHY LAST
"Dottie" . . . Easy-going . . . Who thrived on kosher pickles and matzoth when not telling about Germany . . . Shakespeare and long walks . . . Sunday at Sand City . . . "Sweetheart."

The sinking, depressed feeling of any freshman on graduation night, as cars drive off with old friends . . . Empty, sound-sensitive dormitories become as tombs over night . . . Books and little remembrances given to us by departing sophomores . . . Recently emptied rooms with their doors standing open . . .

On The Threshold . . .

HELJU TOROP
"Yu Yu" . . . Blushing blonde with a big smile . . . Dance lessons after eleven . . . Collection of baby pictures . . . Tennis racket for room decoration . . . Mad about math . . . "Turn on the radio."

HEDIE WERNER
"Hedie" . . . An idea for every occasion . . . Music, music, music . . . And poetry . . . With squirrel meat sandwiches . . . Wears through Koepchen's stairs . . . "I'm in that mood again."

ELEANOR PETTS
"Petts" . . . Independent . . . Pennsylvania brunette with a Long Island accent . . . Who knows what she wants . . . Hidden talent in music and basketball . . . Has a daily rendezvous with the bus . . . "Get this . . . "

JEAN REMPFER
"Jean" . . . From Bridgeton, of course . . . Ready appetite for pickles and stuffed peppers . . . Or any food at all . . . With a wicked one-handed push shot . . . And an ever-ready camera . . . "Ooh! This is so exciting."

Koepchen Hall . . . where nuts attracted the squirrels, while "pandemonium and bedlam" was accompanied by snoring in D flat, and hair-trimming, marshmallow-roasts and harmonizing was accompanied by an accordian . . . whose occupants loved innocent fun — like missing planes and becoming pin-cushions for penicillin needles . . .

Dear Norma,
To a fellow graduate (I hope) a Bact. lab. To an
Dentyne sup: To Ward House mem
and our stein? mates!

Best
Wishes, and best
wishes for a happy
and prosperous
future.
Love,
Jan

. . . Where college catalogues filled a book-shelf and mousetraps were found in beds . . . where Miss Madill supplied us with cocoa and cookies, and we girls showed our appreciation with gardenias and Robert Frost . . . Spiritual devotions . . . vocab lists and chess games . . . intelligence occasionally . . . fun perpetually . . . What a life! . . . "Won't those squirrels *ever* stop coming?"

Dear Norma,
It's been
nice knowing
you this year
and playing
the fun (?)
of Bac with
you.
I wish you
only good luck
& happiness
in the
future.
God bless you
Love,
Jo

dear Cug-
this has
been a wonderful
year.. even
though I have
not seen you
as much.. I
wish you
all the luck
in the world
and may God
bless you always
love
Ba.

Unfortunately, to all good things there must always be an end . . . for just as the gnarled old willow that stood outside the fence around the side of Koepchen had carried the weight of its branches and foliage for perhaps more than a century . . . and just as its day of falling was determined by the strength of a Thanksgiving vacation windstorm, so we have learned to understand how subtle Time is, how slyly it passes, and then, how by virtue of a single day, we were unexpectedly snatched out of an environment of easy complacency, and forced into a new and contrasting one . . . that willow was cut up, its parts scattered . . . it lost the identity it had as a unit . . . lost its personality . . . lost its character . . .

Ward House

. . . Down along White Plains Road . . . some three-minutes walk off-campus is austere, historical, white-framed Ward House . . . The co-ed dormitory whose doors and windows faced a lawn and garden shaded by tall, aging maples . . . The dorm we Sophomores lived in through 1951 of Concordia's history . . . amid ruffles and frills, bright wallpaper, flashy bedspreads and the necessary, endless — bookwork . . . Where time, brains, and energy was required to keep up with our freshman counterpart, who outclassed us in numbers, weight, and lung capacity . . . Ward House, with its white picket fence . . . and its flagstone walk — that felt our teen-aged, loafered footsteps . . . that welcomed us . . .

Ward House Grads . . .

ELINOR SCHULZ
"Ellie" . . . Sincere . . . Every sneeze ends with a squeek . . . Ready listener, willing helper . . . With a deadly set-shot on the basketball court . . . "Rub my back!"

Dear Norma
It's been a wonderful knowing you these two years. They have been terrific years. Lots of luck to you in your training and all future life. Love Joan

JOAN CLAUSEN
"Joanie" . . . A true Queen . . . Weekends at home . . . Cheerleader with a yen for opera . . . Beautiful, blonde, but engaged . . . "Hip, hip! Let's go!"

JEAN STEPANEK
"Jeanie" . . . Enthusiastic . . . A murder mystery fan who made frequent flights "High Above Cayuga's Waters" . . . Hope chest in a bucket . . . "Who's running the hot water?"

IRENE KNAPPE
"Nappy" . . . Charming . . . Cheese and crackers at 11:00 p.m. . . . The shy but winsome smile that won car rides to Ward House, and . . . "Flushing? That's God's country!"

JUNE GREBE
"Greeb" . . . Reserved . . . A corner chair, a cigarette, a Hum. book . . . Weekends in the city . . . . "Fermez la Bouche."

. . . With Futures At Hand . . .

RUTH TIMM
"Timmy" . . . Cheerful . . . A petit blonde with gay laugh . . . A "day-hop" who haunted the lounge after 3:15 . . . An interest in bowling and water on the knee . . . "Did anyone understand that bio?"

Dear Norma,
It's been terrific knowing you this year - Wish you much success & happiness in your future
God be with you - Paula

Ward House . . . with a Bendix washer and ear-splitting vocalizing . . . dangerous individuals with gleams in their eyes, scissors in their hands, and manias for cutting hair . . . Early morning battles with cold, sopping washcloths directed against sleepy faces . . . after-dark counter-attacks in the form of cracker-crumbs strewn between bedsheets . . .

. . . Chilly September nights down at the Rez . . . sharp, clear evening skies . . . bright stars . . . long talks . . . The Rez, and its silent, solemn, lonely beauty after a light snowfall . . . Its soft warmth and budding yellow-greenness in Springtime . . . its placidness . . . Skipping stones into its clear waters . .

Dear Norma —
On dinner engagements
were lots of fun & interesting —
I hope you
realize all
your plans
and ambitions
Best of
luck to you
for your
Nancy
Love,
Jane

. . . Never a hungry moment, with bottles of cottage cheese lined up outside the windows, and a weekly change in the self-acquired menu of such staple foods as fruit juices, Ritz crackers, and salt-water taffy . . . Ward House . . . a tough place for maintaining study schedules and equilibrium . . . With five sophomores against too many freshman . . . Miss Dozer — the job's all yours ! ! !

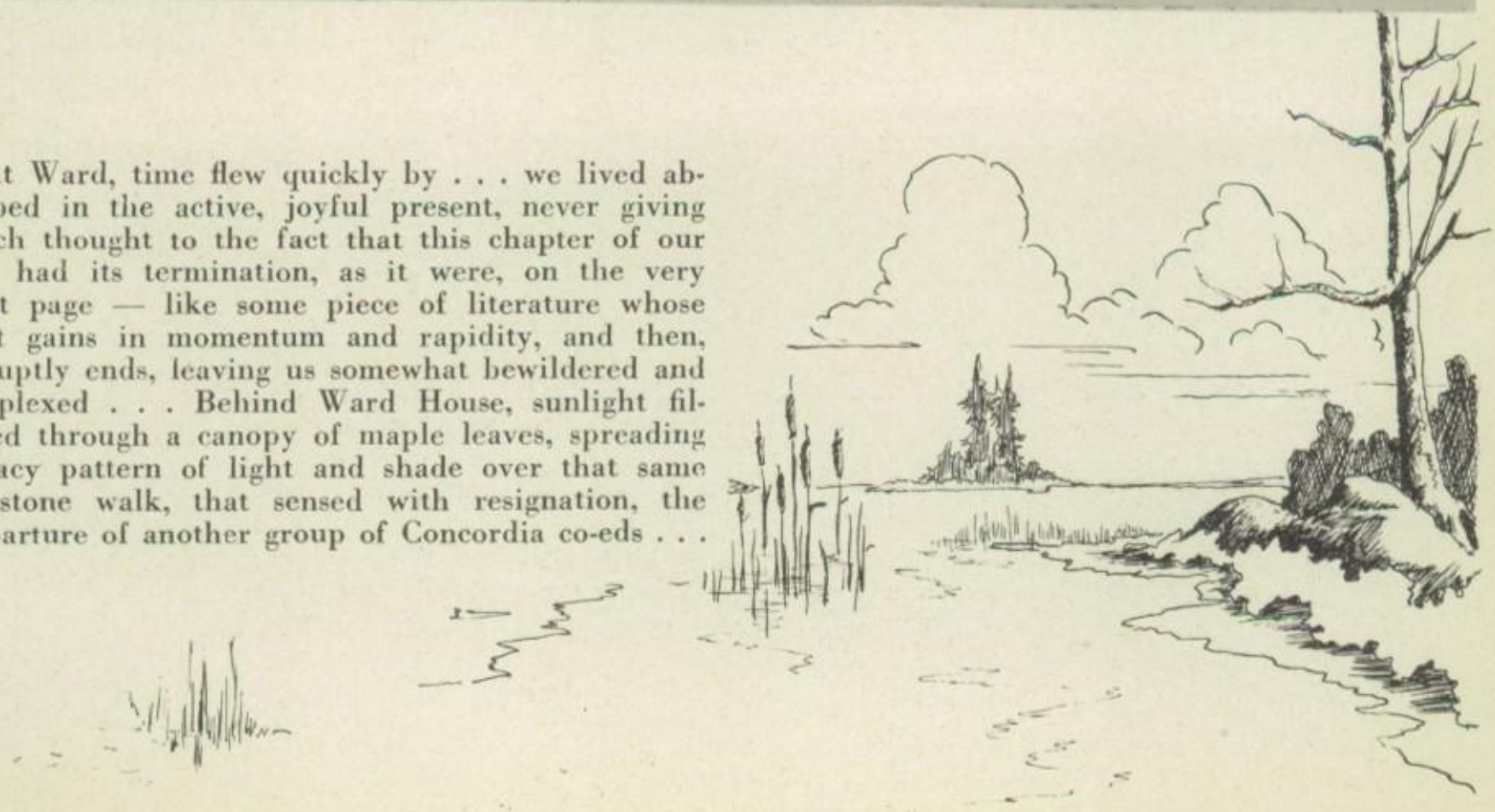
Dear Norma
It's been swell
knowing you this year
Best of luck in the future
Lovingly
Dolores

Dear Norma,
I'll miss seeing
you & Danny
together next year.
I hope you'll be
happy in your
chosen career.
Good luck and
God's blessings.
Love
Marlou

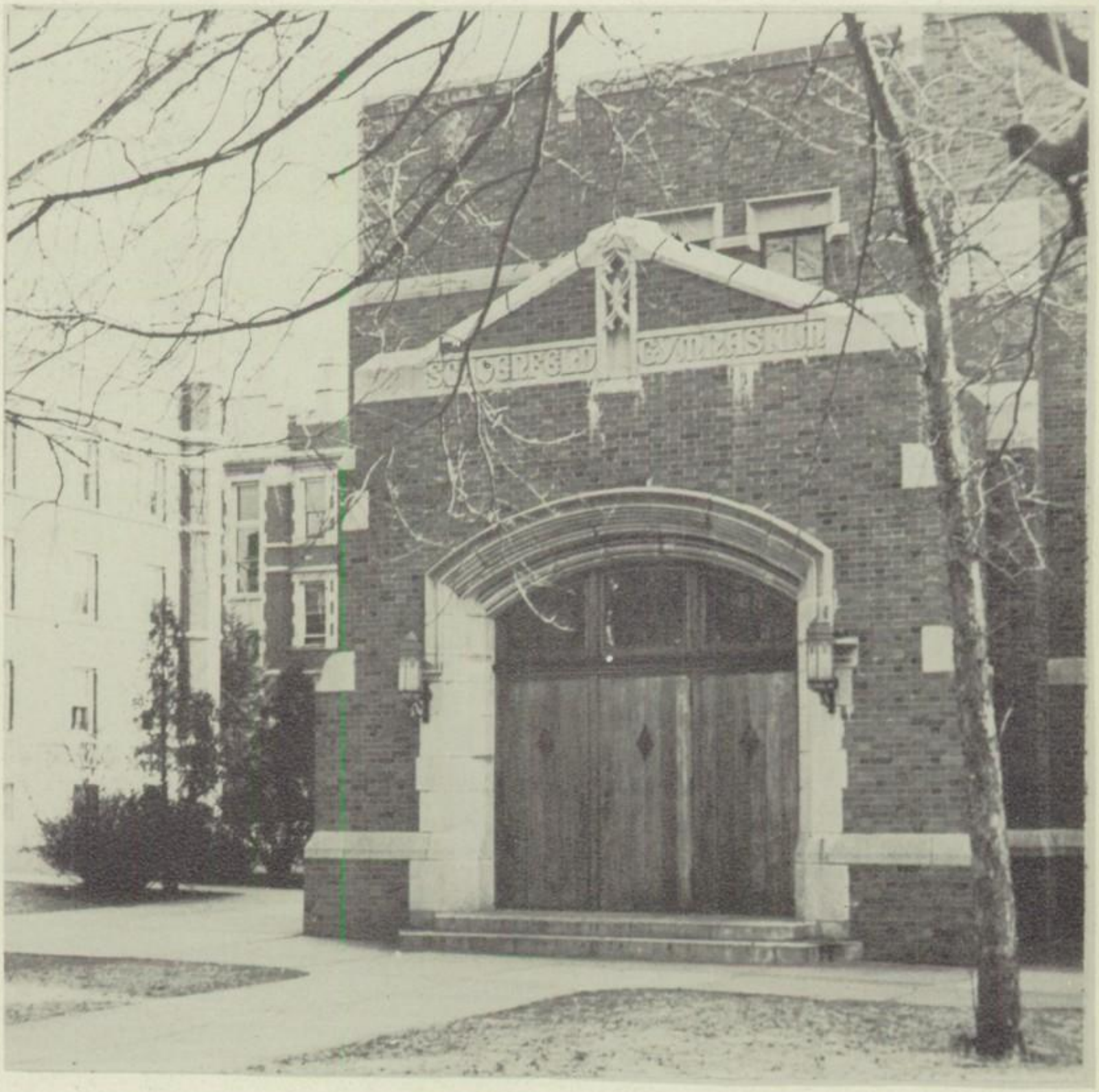
Dear Norma,
The very
best of
everything
to you &
may God
bless you
always.
Shirley

. . . Songs like "If" . . . "Be My Love" . . . "Good Night, Irene" . . . "Tennessee Waltz" . . . Birthday cakes for basketball coaches . . . Ivy twining on porch lattice-work . . . Squirrels . . . Everything outdoors ensheathed in glassy ice after an all-night sleet storm . . . Ward's white picket fence . . . its "wishing well" . . .

At Ward, time flew quickly by . . . we lived absorbed in the active, joyful present, never giving much thought to the fact that this chapter of our life had its termination, as it were, on the very next page — like some piece of literature whose plot gains in momentum and rapidity, and then, abruptly ends, leaving us somewhat bewildered and perplexed . . . Behind Ward House, sunlight filtered through a canopy of maple leaves, spreading a lacy pattern of light and shade over that same flagstone walk, that sensed with resignation, the departure of another group of Concordia co-eds . . .



Schoenfeld Gymnasium

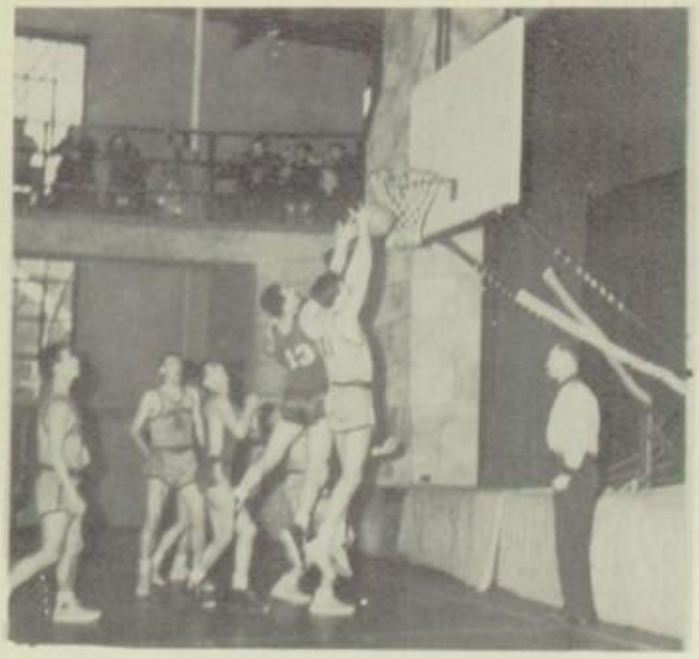


Perhaps the reason why few people ever notice the giant fir tree outside the faculty row entrance of our gymnasium is due to the fact that this building and its "innards" have little to do with the contemplative or philosophical, and that its main function is to shelter eager, cheering crowds, completely given over to the tension and competitive activity of athletics . . . where with hoarse throats, burning lungs, and aching bodies we utilized that last, small drop of reserve energy to "carry the ball" for the glory and supremacy of Concordia . . . and this was one place where the trees could be thankful for not having been endowed with sensitive ears . . .

. . . After weeks of industrious practice, an inspired College team took to the court for its first game of the 50-51 season. Prior to this, the outlook for the year was rather insecure, with a total of only two sophomores and thirteen freshmen reporting for practice . . . While Coach Olson was busy with football training, Pastor Gabbert worked with us on some fundamentals. Then mid-term exams came along, and ineligibilities cut five men out of our ranks. Faced with a time set-back, and man-power problems, we of the "remnant" vigorously applied ourselves, zealously practiced—in order to meet the tough schedule which was always too close, never far enough away . . .

College Basketball

. . . Christmas time with its carols . . . with its lighted trees in the dorms . . . its inner warmth and joy . . . The snow, the smell of pine and hemlock . . . Banquets with candle-light . . . decorations . . . candy and nuts in paper containers . . . speeches . . . well-wishing . . . Christmas cards, little precious gifts . . .



ATHLETIC COUNCIL —

. . . Workers behind the scenes of all our athletic activities, who in addition to arranging schedules and intra-mural programs, drew up a budget for athletic expenditures . . . and kept an organizational eye on the rec room besides . . .

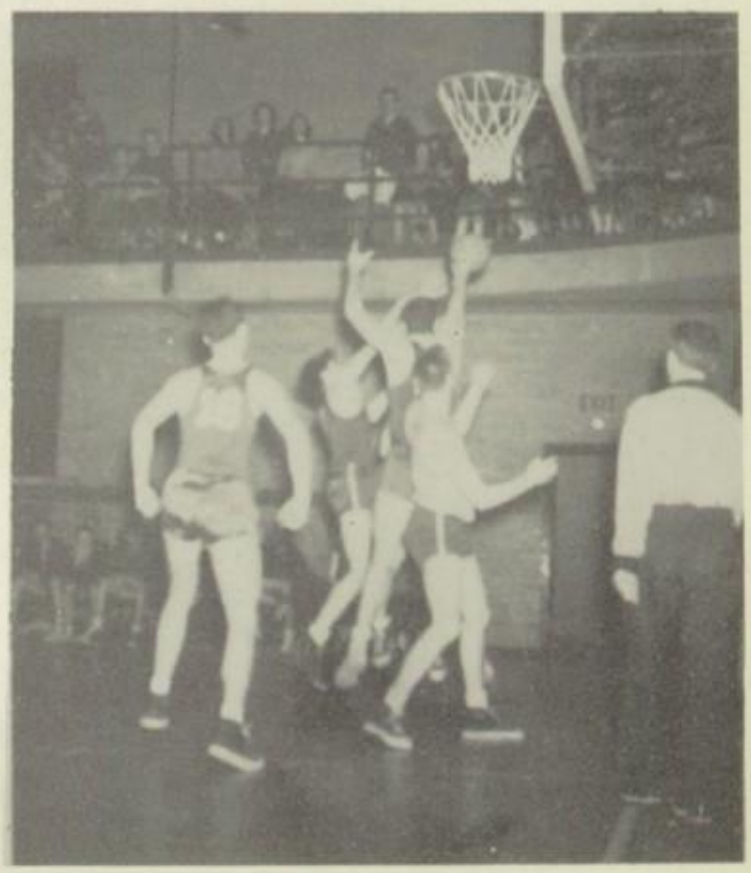
. . . We lost our first 7 games, but never our fighting spirit . . . And on January 12, we almost upset a favored State Tech team, and later came back from Bayonne somewhat disgruntled, mumbling something about a three-digit score and an impossible schedule . . . After finals and semester vacations, we suffered another series of blows — we lost our captain, Bruce Bohuny, Bill Diehl, and Dick Burschgens, who left school to join the Marines . . . Wagner and Bieber were recalled, making a grand total of 8 men strong on our team . . . Then two memorable dates, January 12 and February 28 — and two teams — Commerce of New Haven and Danbury State Teachers' College — against whom we had what it takes . . . Then Biegner went out for the season with an injured leg, and when there are only 7 men left on a basketball team, there's only one thing to do — call the manager . . . so Hank Koepchen went in as guard . . . The season wound up with 15 losses, 2 wins . . . To lose gracefully is just as important as to win proudly . . This year's team deserves praise for its cooperation and spirit in the face of trying and adverse conditions . . . A blue season with a few rays of gold here and there . . . "Wait 'til next year . . . "

. . . Freezing temperatures, snow-ball fights . . . tingling fingers and wet feet . . . rosy cheeks, red noses . . . Ice-skating, sledding, or just walking . . . "Late per's" . . . The long climb up Tanglewylde . . . The rush to make the 11 o'clock deadline . . . Laughter . . . joy . . . Youthful happiness and sincerity . . .

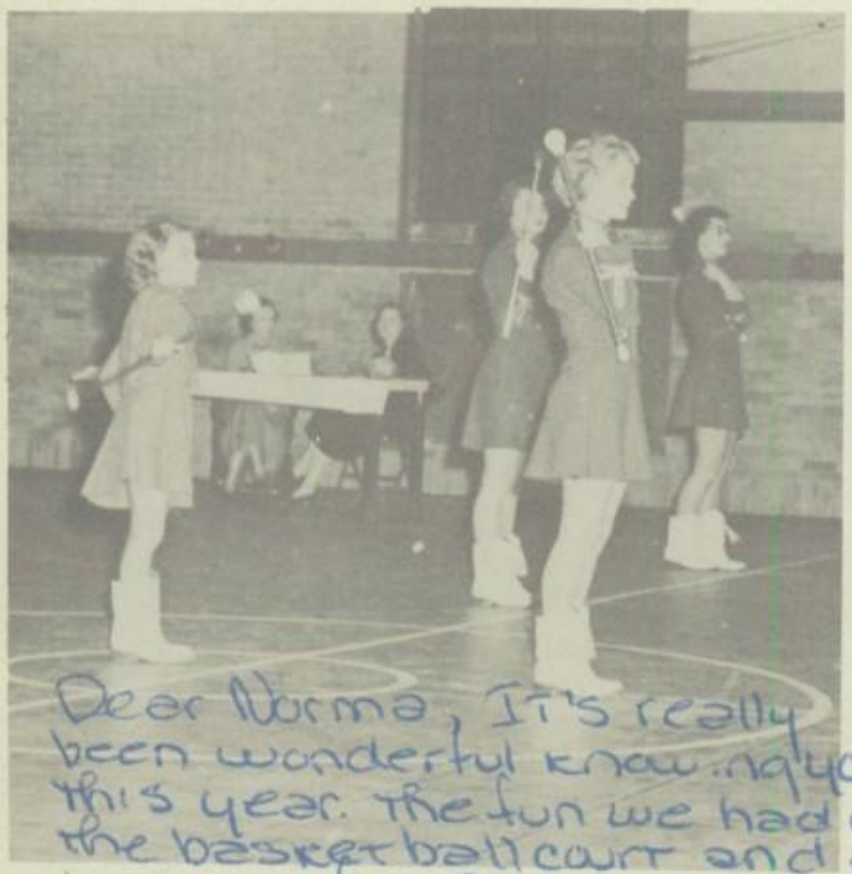
Prep Basketball

BASKETBALL, PREP

With three returning letter-men, the Junior Clippers looked forward to a top-notch year under Coach Elmer Dolberstein's expert guidance. However, the season started with three losses to Sacred Heart, Hackley, and Horace Mann. Even Christmas vacations didn't seem to help, as the Clippers returned to drop games to Scarsdale, Eastchester, Blessed Sacrament, and Edison Tech, running the record up to seven losses.



Late evening snow falls . . . the silent beauty of them . . . white and pure . . . Delicate, lacelike snowflakes . . . motionless trees fluffy coldness . . . street signs capped with snow . . . footprints . . . World-shaking problems like whether or not a girl should be kissed on the first date . . . and worrying about them . . .



Dear Norma, It's really been wonderful knowing you this year. The fun we had on the basketball court and all was terrific. Good luck and happiness to you always. Love, Jane.

. . . But in mid-January we bounced back with our first victory — over Hastings — then swished our way to wins over Sacred Heart and St. Basil's Prep . . . but lost to Edison Tech again . . . "Out for blood", we mowed down our arch-rival Bronxville High, then rolled on to trounce Blessed Sacrament, Halstead, and later Hackley, in the last nine seconds of the most thrilling game of the year. The biggest heartbreaker was our defeat by Bronxville High, late in the season . . . the second time in the five years of Coach Dobberstein's working with Concordian basketball teams . . . partial consolation in the winning of our last game against Tuckahoe, and the year was wrapped up with a standing 8-9 record for our combined efforts. Captain "Big Bill" Hillman, center, scored 272 points over the entire season, averaging 16 points per game. As a whole, the year was fair in wins and loses, typically Concordian in thrills and drive . . .

Coach Dobberstein will miss the strength of his starting five, but waiting in the background is a group of talented J. V. players from which next year's varsity will come . . . quality spread out, developing as a unit . . . a good prescription from a good coach for successful years in basketball . . .

. . . Sweat . . . the pleasant relaxed feeling of a warm shower after strenuous excercise . . . after a game-full of fast breaks . . . or end runs . . . or an afternoon of distance running . . . Banquets with speeches, major letters, trophies, statuettes . . . The admiration we had for our coach . . . the confidence we placed in him . .

Baseball

Last season in baseball - characterized by tough breaks, but balanced off by some smart pitching and home-run hitting . . . but not enough . . . With close but losing games against neighboring teams, pitcher Bruce Bohuny allowed only a few hits, chalked up 41 strike-outs. Later in the season he had boosted his record to 125 strike-outs, allowing only 29 hits in 61 innings. Home-runs were by Duerr and Prais, with other pitching victories by Matty Theiss - freshman. An industrious, though sometimes frustrating season, and a tally of 5 wins, 8 losses . . . prospects for this year look slim, with only 4 veterans returning, but dependable "Dobby" has been known to be quite the magician at times.

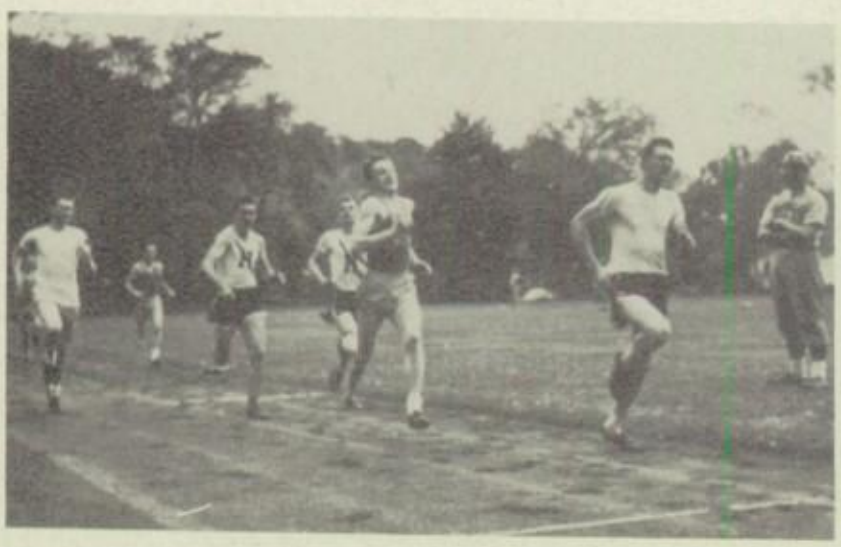
Football

. . . After the football rally, complete with roaring fire and spirited cheers, our confident, but green, prepsters, under the coaching of Vince Olson and line-coach Fahrenkrug, began a schedule of tough and strength-taxing games. Captain Dick Tegtmaier started this year's scoring with a safety in the first quarter against Childrens' Village, but as the year wore on, with Liebe and Zadeik sitting out games in the infirmary, scores and scoring by Concordia's eleven were few and far between . . . The Home-Coming Day game, never-to-be-forgotten for its mud, rain, and slipperiness, was just about the toughest game, and the toughest score to take . . . Hackley 40, Concordia 0 . . . "We were green, inexperienced, but we fought every inch of the way" . . . Buck up, men — 8 lettermen coming back . . . better schedule coming up . . . Buck up, men.

. . . The earnest, death-defying violence of a girl's basketball game . . . The serious precision and coordinated speed of a men's varsity game . . . with educated arms and agile legs . . . keen reflexes, and a constant, perfect knowledge of what's in progress at any given time . . . spectators watching from the track . . .

Track

Concordia's track season turned out to be relatively successful, as the prepmen won 2 out of 3 dual meets in the second year of C C I's current track history. Undismayed by a 55-22 defeat at the hands of Hackley, we geared our legs and lungs for the remaining contests with McBurney and Sacred Heart, and at those meets asserted ourselves with scores of 49-28 and 61-16, consecutively. Captain Hubie Keuter broke tapes in the 440 and 880 yard races while Dick Duerr starred in the shot-put and broad-jump events . . . Coach Olson has a right to feel confident with men like Luneberg, Collins, Hillmann, Griesel, Tegtmaier, Mahl, Yensco, and Martin Luecke returning for duty on this year's team . . . men with a good record, and a love for anything competitive and athletic . . .



. . . Wet, wet Home-coming day . . . The football game . . Queens Helen Roscher, Joan Clausen . . old friends . . a banquet . . festivities . . Bohuny, and his offer to play ball down south . . Prep basketball team at the W.C.P.P.S.A.A. tournament . . Class "B" Division . . The coming track season . . A new Alma Mater song . .

TWIRLERS

. . . Who after weeks of aching backs, bruised elbows and disappointing attempts, emerged with enough broken overhead lights to their credit to merit a place in the gymnasium's spotlights . . . who added color and curves to half-times at basketball games, sparkle and spirit at football half-times. Tutored and led by Connie Diehl, these girls did much to liven the spirit and atmosphere of our athletic events, and twirled their way this year from a new re-organized beginning to a happy, though black-and-blue-end.

CHEERLEADERS

. . . Who at the beginning had as their only fears the inevitable banged knees and embarrassing falls . . . or losing a shoe while performing . . . A synchronized combination of stimulating cheering-voices led by Helen Roscher and Joan Clausen, these guys and gals battled and yelled their way through a rainy, muddy Home-Coming Day football game, and later in the year, in de-pleated skirts and crowded cars covered the away basketball games . . . Cheers for the glory of C. C. I. - with laryngitis, sweaters, socks and saddle shoes . . . dreams about a cartwheel . . . and little Jimmy, whose 2 cents and falling pants added so much to an already successful year . . .

Cheers . . hoarse throats - pet peeve of Mr. Mott . . Gleaming, Twirling batons . . Concerts in the gym . . . P esident Meyer's installation . . Phys Ed classes . . A suddenly frigid Reformation Sunday, with shivering crowds and a stirring sermon . . Open House, with us veterans watching the service from Sieker's windows . .

DRAMATIC SOCIETY —

. . . The organization, without whose efforts and time Concordia's Christmases would never be complete. Headed by Prof. E. Luecke, these people worked as a closely-knit unit to put our annual "Send Out Thy Light" into production for its sixteenth consecutive year . . . With Art Lesslie as president, Bill Diehl our lighting engineer, and Phil Kraft, stage manager, long hours of stage preparation, costume-fitting and part-studying was put in by both this committee and participating performers, Prof. Luecke directing at rehearsals . . . Then the choir . . . timing . . . and a weekend of well-attended presentations . . . A spring play? — no match for a Greater Concordia Fund . . .

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

. . . The organizers, arrangers, and planners of our social activities . . . who doled out entertainment ranging in atmosphere from the ridiculous to the sublime, and helped in the smooth running of events like Home-Coming Weekend and the Christmas and Thanksgiving Banquets . . . Who with "Kiddie Parties", the Hags' Drag, an all-day picnic at Ardsley, the Winter Informal, and, for the first time in Concordia's history—the Hobos' dragging of the Hags, planned to include in 51's fun and frolic a Spring Formal, beach party, and April Variety Show . . . So far, a job well done, with a promising outlook for the rest of the year.

"Send Out Thy Light" .. with Helen Roscher and Walt Reunng as Mary and Joseph . . Work . . like lifting shaky, wobbly scenery . . climbing on ladders to set lights and tape leads . . Making up . . pool and TV before curtain time . . prompting . . nervousness . . A welcome release when its all over . . a crowded Bean Wagon . .

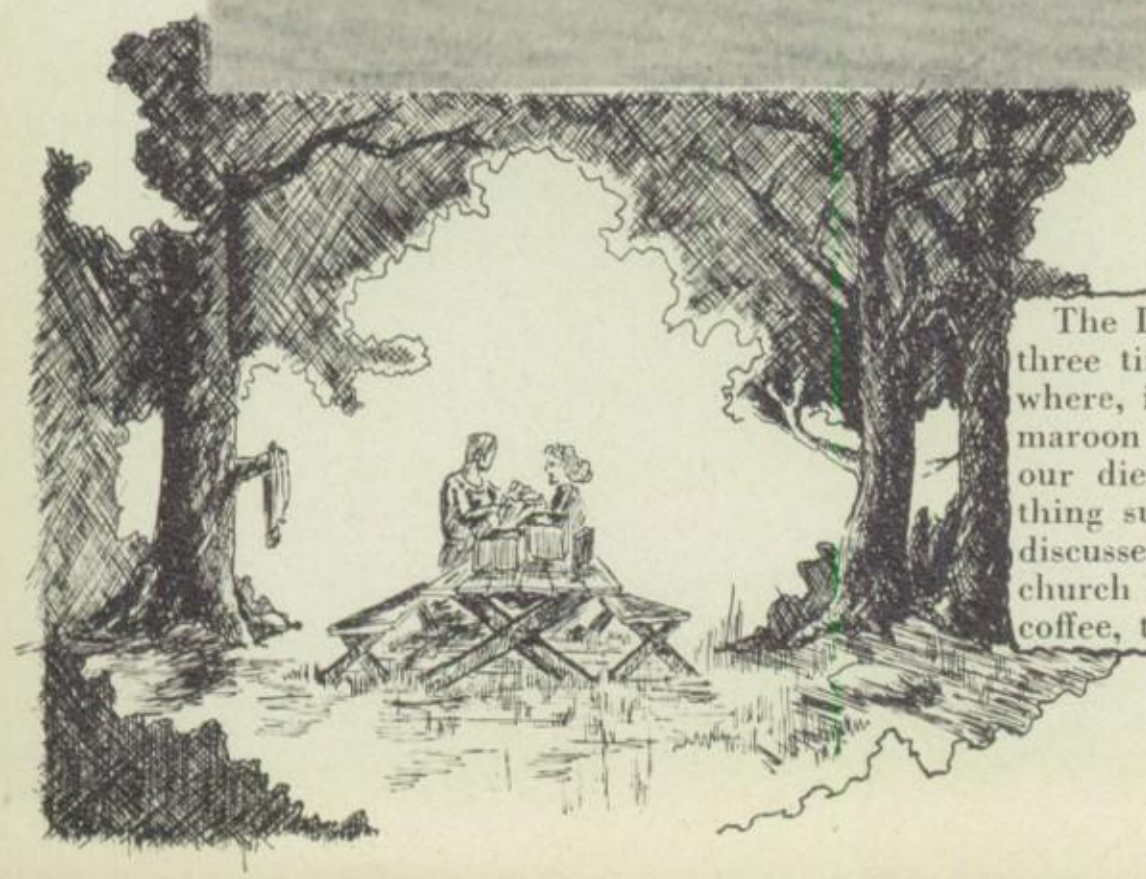
Behind these walls was the realm of hard physical work . . . of cheering and groaning, of winning and losing . . . The scene of hours fraught with activity and interest . . . of dramatic, athletic, and musical performances that were hard work and recreation rolled into one . . . the realm of sneaker and hardwood floor, replete with deafening sound and violent competitive activity . . .

. . . This was the realm of release . . . a city of refuge for the desk-weary student . . .

Dear Friend of All Endeavors —
I always write where my heart lies —
I've not to gratify nor entertain — so I must
you Godly Blessing
and Best Wishes
Jack

63

The Dining Hall



The Dining Hall . . . whose open doors admitted three times daily some 240-odd famished souls . . . where, in an environment of music, munching, and maroon drapes we relaxed, socialized, and balanced our diet of cake, candy, and pretzels with something substantial and well-prepared . . . where we discussed everything from steno assignments to church rubrics . . . and drained cups of piping hot coffee, to open sleepy, early-morning eyes . . .

WAITER'S CLUB

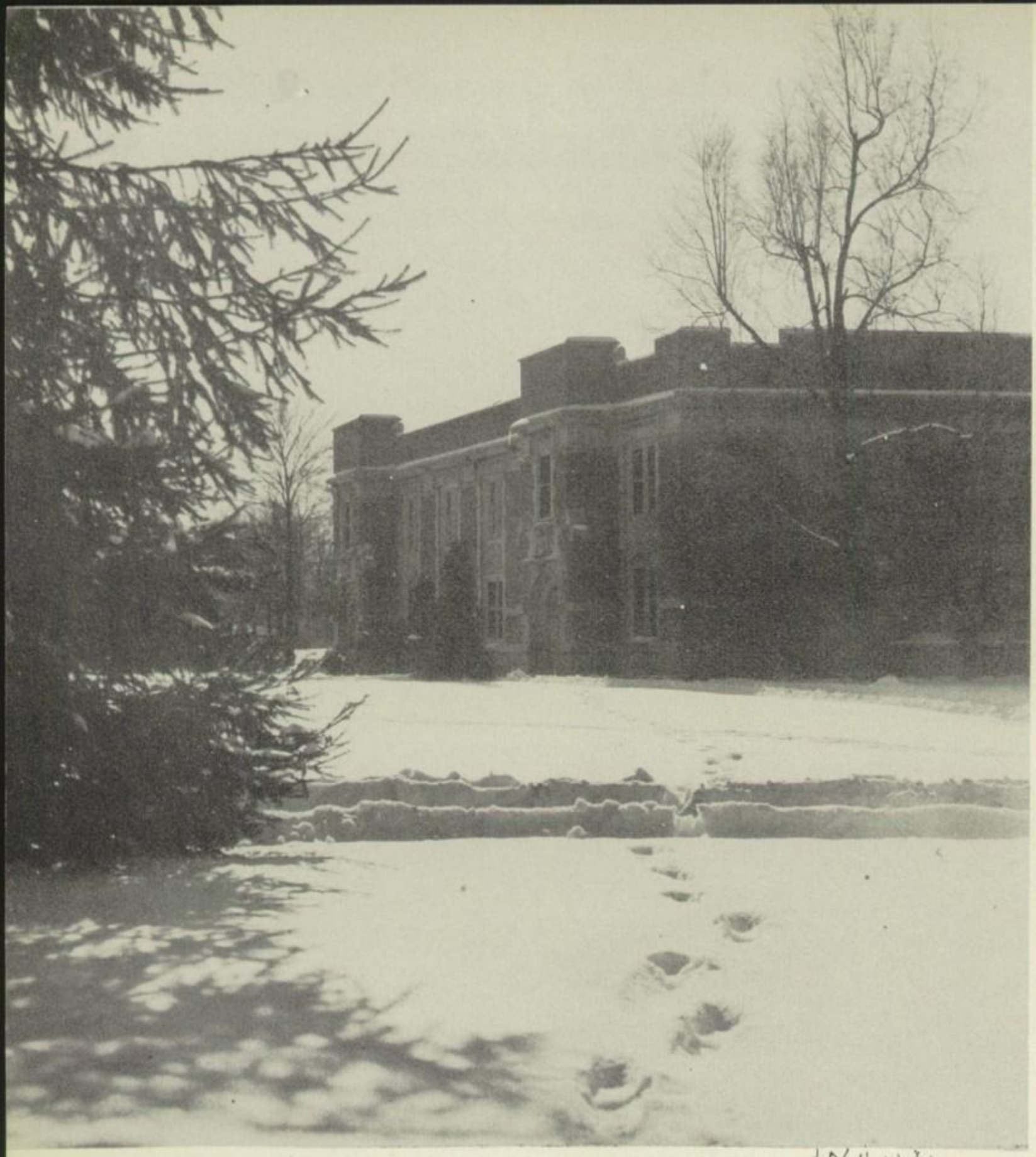
WAITRESS' CLUB

. . . Who during banquets and other occasions of note, moved among us with white aprons and big round trays, serving us with silent finesse and smooth efficiency . . . with never (?) a dish of corn down anyone's back, never a well-done steak in anyone's lap . . . The girls went a step further and had afternoon teas at Ward House . . . with silver coffee-urns and delicate dish-ware . . . tid-bits, crackers and tea-time chatter . . .

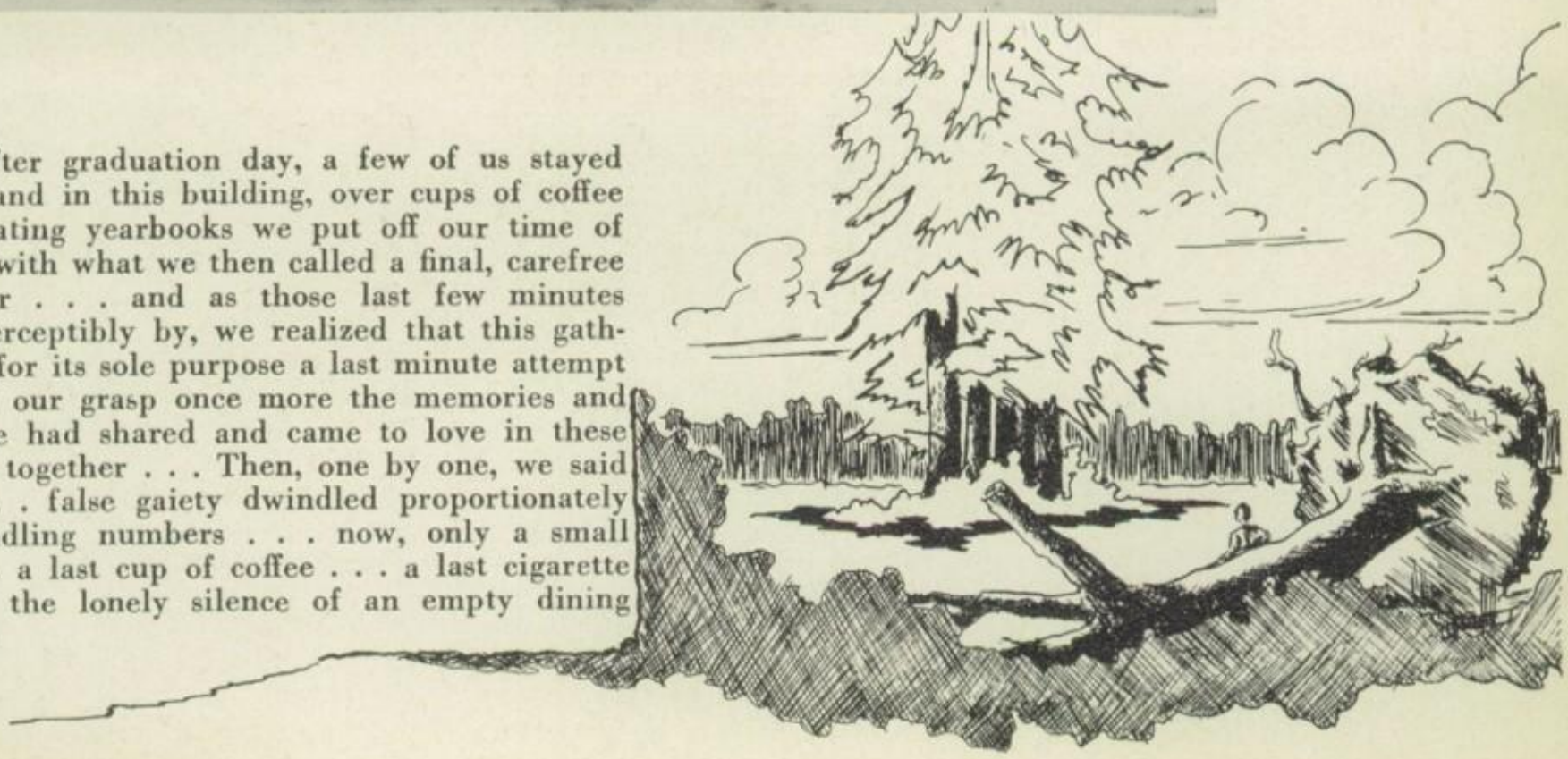
The dining hall . . . no longer called the "mess hall" since its renovation and refurnishing . . . Where Frank Kern and Bob Shurkus headed a crew of cooking and baking men who daily conquered gastric pangs and murmurings with foods that were substantial and various . . . where Frank occasionally splurged on T-bone steaks and choice cuts of roast beef, veal, and turkey . . . Where we dined . . . 'mid music, conversation, pleasant surroundings . . . and some of us worked . . . 'mid dish-washers, piled-up trays, and Bach-styled harmonies . . .

. . . The official gathering-place for our banquets and parties, things notable for side-splitting entertainment and sober, sometimes sleepy speeches . . . Where we held our "Get-Acquainted" and Thanksgiving banquets, the Christmas party and the all-male hilarity which followed it . . . Building Fund and Basketball — Farewell banquets . . . Where we rubbed elbows with our profs in homey, casual surroundings, and gave evidence to that family atmosphere which so thoroughly characterizes . . . Concordia . . .

Breaks between exams . . coffee . . Graduation day . . Excitement . . our folks . . handshakings, congratulations . . Last-minute address exchanges . . "See you over the summer" . . tears, farewells . . After Graduation Exercises, in the deepening twilight . . Under the early maple leaves, just outside the gym . . .



Then, after graduation day, a few of us stayed over . . . and in this building, over cups of coffee and circulating yearbooks we put off our time of departure with what we then called a final, carefree get-together . . . and as those last few minutes crept imperceptibly by, we realized that this gathering had for its sole purpose a last minute attempt to hold in our grasp once more the memories and feelings we had shared and came to love in these past years together . . . Then, one by one, we said goodby . . . false gaiety dwindled proportionately with dwindling numbers . . . now, only a small group . . . a last cup of coffee . . . a last cigarette . . . and the lonely silence of an empty dining hall . . .



Music

Big, beautiful Gorman House . . . with its solid, white-pillared porch . . . with its encircling groups of delicate hemlocks, and tremendous old silver maples . . . Gorman, whose halls and spacious rooms echoed with the sounds of Music, that inspiring element of our life at Concordia, which helped to make this year so beautiful . . . where with chords and shadings we blended our voices and instrumental sounds into bits of praise and expression . . . beautiful things . . . fully expressing the vitality and sincerity of those younger years... things that had their source in the remotest areas of our youthful hearts . . . In the Fall - the trees outside joined with us, as the fingers of the evening wind moved through their string-like branches . . . moulded the voices of their limbs into deep, rich, and mysterious tones . . . into whispering, melancholy harmonies.

THE BAND

Best of luck to the ardent
chem. student
Hans Zuern

THE ORCHESTRA

. . . Somewhat handicapped by a low membership and limited periods of rehearsal, our Band and Orchestra worked hard, and came through with fine showings at our annual Fall and Spring Concerts . . . and with spirited marches and songs at our football and basketball games. Key figure in our Music Department, Mr. Mott, with his ever-present mixture of personality and ability, drew from us fledgling musicians the sum total of our potentialities . . . moulded our talents into a series of presentable programs . . . Tough going for a while, but in the end we could be sure that many people had benefited . . . both in our audiences and among ourselves . . .

The Concordia Chorus—

Concordia's chorus — the group that gave of its time, talent, and energy to add to the beauty of our musical presentations . . . that survived hours of throat-aching rehearsing to prepare for the Fall concert, for "Send Out Thy Light", and then the Spring concert . . . that, in addition to all this, somehow managed to work hard enough to qualify for TV — and went down to WJZ to spend an 8-hour day in singing, standing, and more singing to supply the musical background for a broadcast that lasted only thirty minutes — and loved it all...

Music for the Christmas play . . "We Are Three Kings" . . "Is This The Way" . . "While By My Sheep" . . with a real live echo . . Mr. Mott . . timing . . "Glory to God" . . candles with wax-catchers . . robes . . hymns . . TV broadcast . . with Pres. Behnken . . blinding lights . . silence . . Interesting cameras, technical equipment . .

The Choir Tour—

. . . Sight-seeing in Albany . . . Mansions, elevators, woozy stomachs . . . the tour of a TV studio in Schenectady . . .. Miles and miles of G.E. plants . . . Niagara Falls . . the Whirlpool and Devil's Hole Park . . . with beautiful scenery from high places . . . Drenching spray at the foot of the falls . . . slipping, sliding, falling . . ice-coated trees . . . The Horseshoe Falls . . . their tremendous size, weight, and sound . . . Canada and souvenirs . . . Later, Rochester, with its Kodak works . . . fun, giddiness . . . sharp, cold air . . .

. . . And at each scheduled stop . . . Supper, with creamed chicken or baked ham . . . laughter at tables . . . the smoking law . . . relaxation . . . Concert time, with Joanne Steege and Walt Reuning alternating on the organ accompaniment . . . intermissions . . . recessionals . . . Then entertainment . . . quartet, short "thank-you" speeches . . . Brusco and the hidden violin, Wyppich and his page-turning . . . Hosts . . . and a good nights' rest . . .

. . . The grey day we started on . . . crocheting afghans . . . With outlined lectures on the scenery, and Burow, who hatched a crate of oranges on the way to Albany . . . Card-playing . . . exhausted but repeated song repertoires . . . "Joe", and his much-talked-of Muriel . . . Mrs. K. and her face-washings . . .

"SEND OUT THY LIGHT"

"CHERUBIM SONG"

. . . On the morning of January 24, 1951 - with Mr. Mott, Prof. Proehl, Mr. Thien, Mrs. Kalin. Miss Dozer, and . . . 37 "bright-shiny faces" on board, Joe, our driver, aimed his Greyhound bus toward Albany, starting us on a week of singing . . . in upstate churches . . . a project designed to acquaint more people with, and bring more people to, Concordia . . .

"BREAK FORTH" — "THEE WITH TENDER CARE"

"NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD"

"O REJOICE, YE CHRISTIANS LOUDLY"

"GOD, MY SHEPHERD"

"HOW LOVELY IS THY DWELLING-PLACE"

. . . . Inexperienced, but blindly confident, we sang our first concert, and later solemnly marched out of the church, realizing how much we had to depend on Mr. Mott . . . and how difficult the timing was in "From Depths of Woe" . . But with more practice, and attention to the "woeful" spots, we soon acquired the necessary skill, and could at intervals turn our attention to the interesting places we were visiting and traveling through.

"FROM DEPTHS OF WOE"

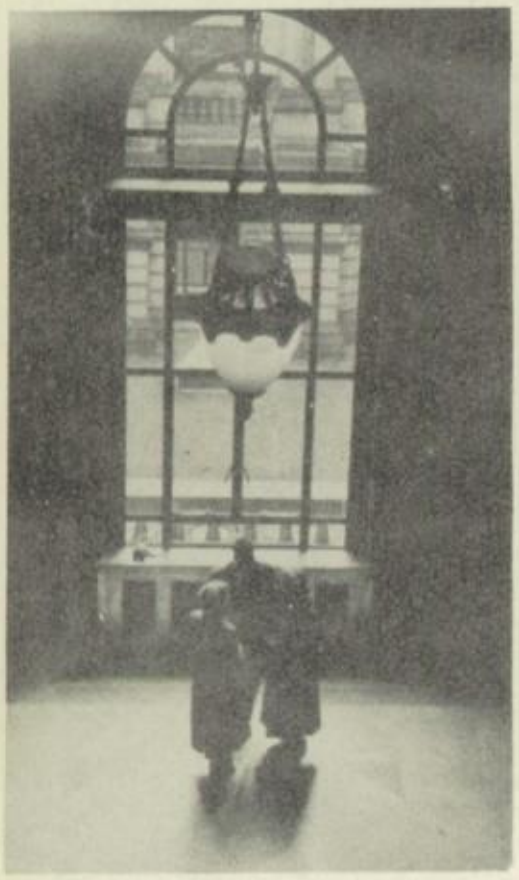
"JESU"

"HALLELUJAH, AMEN"

"THE HEAVENS ARE DECLARING"

"GOD BE IN MY HEAD"

. . . Long hours of comic-books, canasta, and cigarettes beside drafty, ice-encrusted windows . . . Joyce and her ukelele . . . sandwiches . . . pickles . . . Low, tingling temperatures, and snow-covered ice on lonely country roads . . . Schriever and his chickens, Gabbert and his window . . . Kruger and his June . . . "Fuzzy".



. . . Then came a week's whirl of singing, traveling, good food, staying at the homes of our hosts, and cheerful, bus-born companionship . . . We covered Albany, Schenectady, Rome, N. Tonawanda, Lockport, Rochester, and finally Wellesville — where after a big build-up, we didn't see a single oil-well . . . From all indications, those who heard our music really enjoyed it, and shared with us the inspiration we experienced in singing . . . We were complimented, praised, invited back . . . Our main theme, our main purpose — to "Sing unto the Lord a new song."

Men's Chorus

"Men against the schedule", we rehearsed anywhere and anytime our already burdened routine permitted, in order to supply weekly choral pieces for 10 A.M. services at the Village Church . . . A little work . . . a little fun . . . Some praise, and satisfaction in doing real well . . . Under the direction of Bob Werberig, who hoped to start a tradition at Concordia . . .

. . . Oranges . . grape juice, eggs for every breakfast . . forgotten pajamas . . stuffed baggage racks . . the garbage box . . "headless Herman" . . a super-charged bass section . . Frame churches, white and beautiful against clear, blue skies . . The trip home . . unloading on Faculty Row . . singing in dorms . . wearily to bed . . memories . . to sleep . .

And Give Thee Peace...

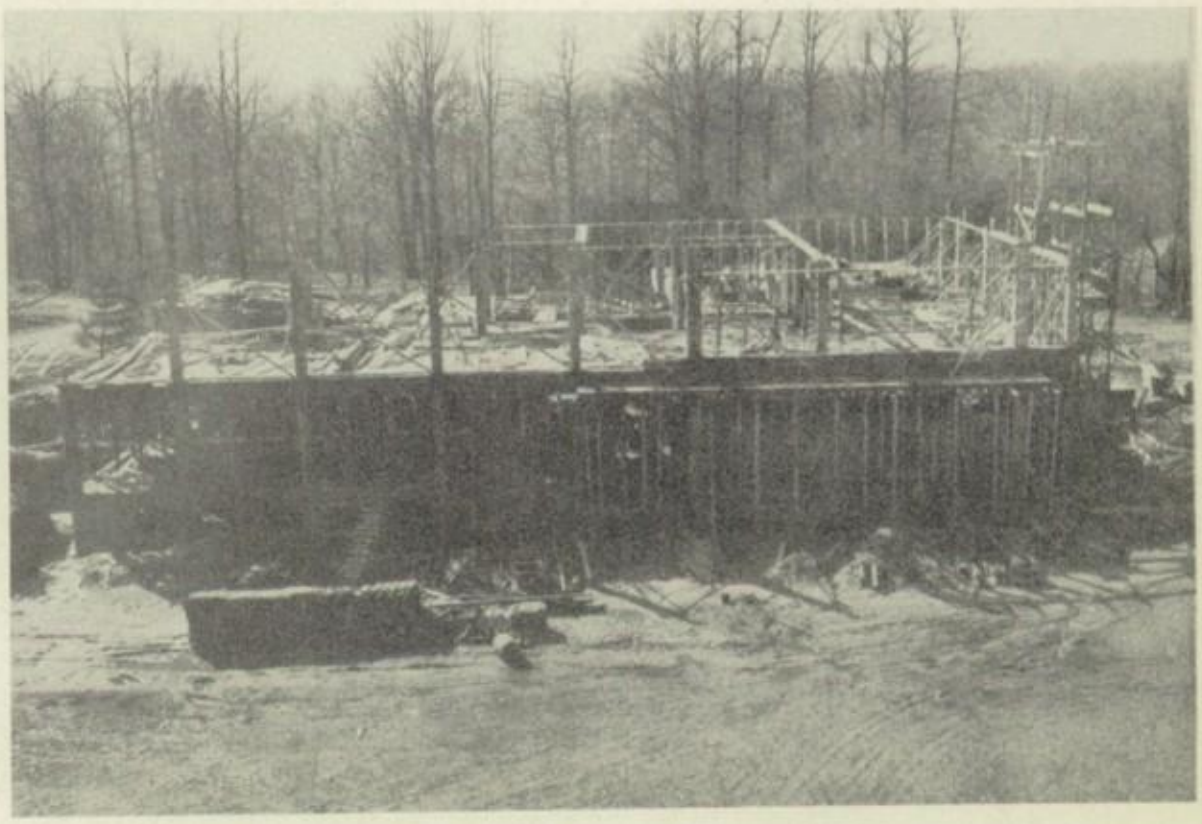
There was the Chapel . . . with ever an understood "Welcome" . . . where for some twenty minutes of each day we turned our hearts and minds to devotion and prayer. Our profs were our pastors, well-versed in the knowledge and the preaching of the principles which we came to cherish so greatly . . . Then in our last semester, Sieker Hall produced some fledgling ministers, who delivered short sermonettes that had taken hours of conscientious preparation and research . . . The Chapel . . . where strength of faith and belief was granted . . . nurtured . . . restored . . . where a wooden tree came to have a meaning that was all-embracing, all-important, all-transcending . . . where we were nourished in the knowledge of our being members . . . branches . . . of a most priceless body and vine . . .

Humble Beginnings...

. . . Long in the planning, hard in the getting, but wonderful in the having . . . The new building, begun with a ground-breaking ceremony in September, 50, will be ready for use in September, '51. We of 1951 saw its beginning and growth, experienced the burning desire to do something for our Alma Mater . . . placed ourselves heart and soul into a campaign for a bigger, greater Concordia . . . wistfully considered how we would never, as students, share in its advantages . . .

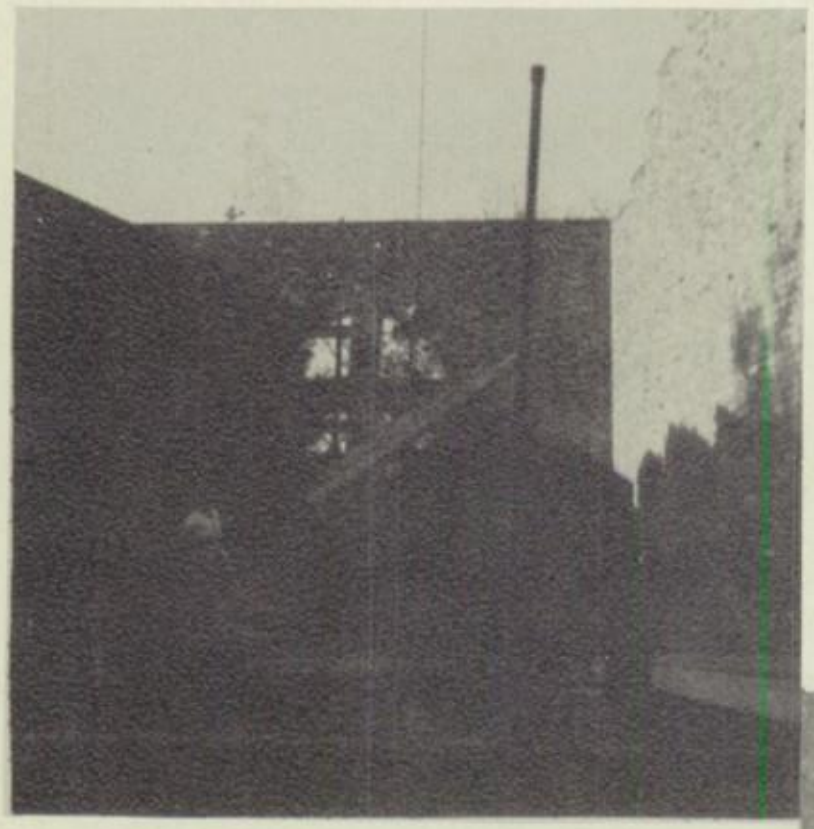
Science - Library Building

. . . Rev. Stammel and Mr. Schurmann - pastor and layman - working together for the Greater Concordia Fund . . . with board-meetings, pastoral conferences, publicity work, mimeographing . . . . with hours of mental labor . . . and a third-floor room in Sieker after a long day's campaigning . . .



. . . Noises of bulldozers, trucks, steam-shovels, cutting machines . . hammering . . "The Hole" . . with its by-standing construction engineers, surveyors, and watchmen with Bio books and portable radios . . speeches and a banquet about all this . . contests . . The building's slow but steady growth . . a feeling of pride . . .

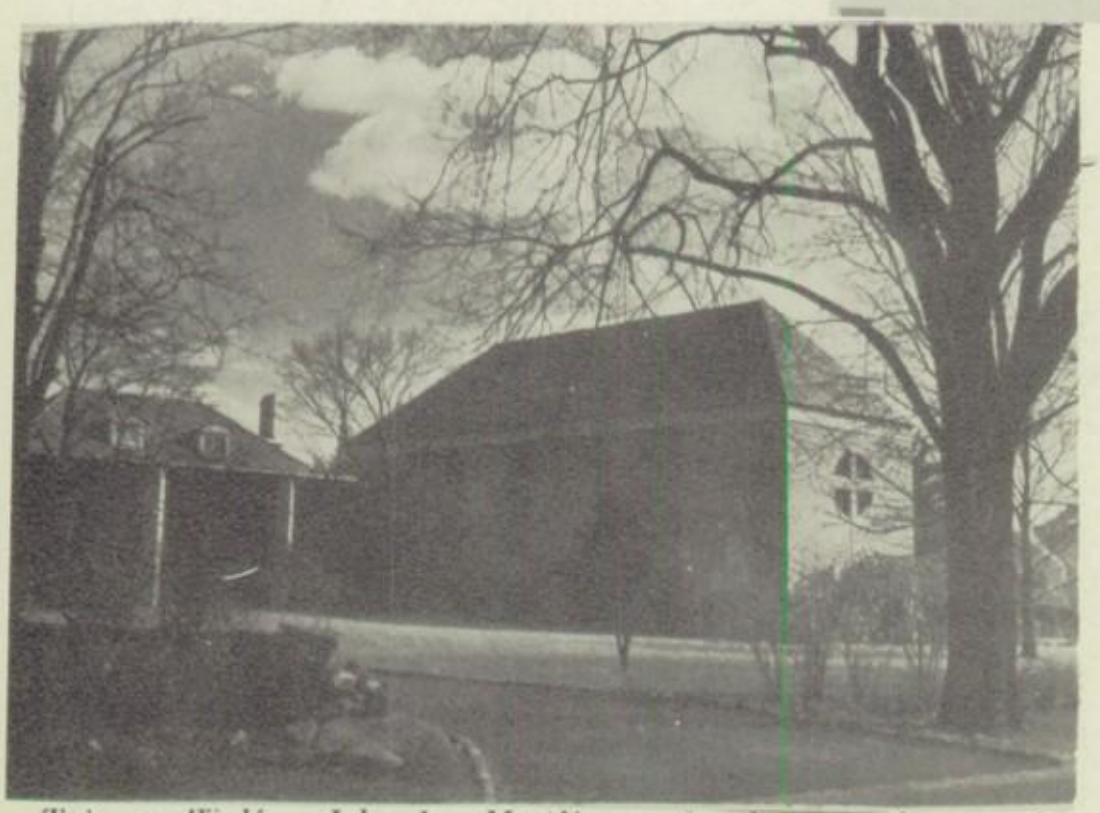
Work, Prayer, Perseverance . . .



OCTOBER '50

. . . For long years only a dream . . . Then, almost single-handed, and in the space of a short year, the same dream was built into something real . . . From an undersized, crowded "Community Chapel" — through prayer, steadfastness, and hard work — a spiritual and architectural monument — "The Village Church" . . . by Pastor Halter, who came over and had lunch with us occasionally . . . whom we admired for his sincerity, and capacity for doing good things well . . .

PASTOR HALTER



MARCH '51

The Village Church . . .

Trips to Welfare Island . . Mt. Zion . . Sunday morning services . . Communion . . new organ . . good soloists . . Quiet, peaceful moments of prayer before weekday Lenten services, with phrases remembered like, "Jesus wept for you", "An eternal, undying love", "--peace I give unto you," "A love that passeth all understanding."

In Conclusion...

Come back to us again . . . hear our deep mysterious chords . . . enjoy the quiet melancholy of a near forgotten day.

Human memory is delicate, lacks the permanence and observation we possess - gathers dust . . . like toys that lie neglected and unused . . .

And as our purpose e'er remains - to hold for you these few, but pleasant, atmospheres . . . To urge you once again to share these hours - to find once more that joyful, tearful, and undying youth we call — Concordia . . .

Dear Norma,
It's been a
swell two years.
Sorry to see them end
and all you kids leave.
Between the yearbook
+ those tennis matches
we had a lot of fun.
God's blessings in all you
do.
Love 2 Tim 4:22.

CONCORDIAN STAFF

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief ..... ROBERT WERBERIG

Associate Editor ..... RAYMOND GEIST

Photography ..... DANIEL MARSCEK

Faculty Advisor ..... PROF. EMIL LUECKE

BUSINESS

Business Manager ..... CONNIE DIEHL

Advertising Manager ..... ARTHUR LESSLIE

Faculty Advisor ..... PROF. ARMIN MANNING

TYPISTS

IRENE KNAPPE

ELINOR SCHULZE

A vote of thanks to all those people not mentioned here, who so graciously and freely gave of their time, effort, and criticism.

Dear Norma —

Here we are, with Graduation Day only one day away, sprawled on the grass outside the dining hall — signing yearbooks. In all the time that we have spent at Concordia it has really only been this last year in which I have gotten to know you. Since the first time we spoke together I can see that you've changed an awful lot — for the better. The choir tour — I still don't know whether you enjoyed it or not. But from having known you this year, I can say that Miss Reumann no longer has those earlier dislikes, fears, inhibitions & whatever those things were that so hindered and disheartened you in your first year at Concordia. Stay happy, and be as careful as you are and have been this year. Hang on to the ambitions, and keep plugging for them. Hope to see you often in the next few years, and so much as time, and the ministry will allow over the fence. God bless you, now and always — I. Nos. 6:24-26 Bob Werberig

Dear Mother Norma,

78

I don't know what I would have done if you weren't on the third floor. You were always so easy to talk with to, and so understanding. Thanks for all the advice. I should have listened to you more often. I am really sorry for the times I giggled and disturbed you from sleeping or studying. It really was convient letting me wear your shoes - they were so comfortable. Whenever I saw you studying real hard you gave me an inspiration to study also. I doubt if I ever met anyone with such expressive eyes.. May God Guide you in every undertaking of life. I hope you will be happy in India.

Love, Caryl

Greetings from

THE

LADIES AID SOCIETY

OF

CONCORDIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

Our organization, composed of women interested in the cause of Concordia and of mothers of students, has for more than two decades supported the good work being accomplished at Bronxville. We invite new members into our Society to help us increase our service to the school.

Dear Norma,
It's been wonderful
knowing you this year.
It's people like you that make
this place so wonderful. God
Bless you and keep you - love, Joyce

Dear Norma,
It's been
knowing you this
past semester. The best
of luck in the future to
a real cute girl.
Love,
Betty

nice

Best Wishes from

NEHRING BROTHERS, Inc.

REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE

ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE, corner 182nd Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear Norma.
Like Connie, we did so
many things that I wouldn't
know where to start. Our
little talks in front of Benmayer,
the trip to the Belvet with
along with inspiration. The
typewriter was very beneficial
You're an awfully wonderful girl - and so efficient.
Best. The two of me in Trial &
you were always so awfully nice to where we
many times sat together in the bus. First of all,
I'd like wish you luck as a medical technician
and then happiness in your future with Danny.
Yours very sweet together.
Write to me sometime
Love,
Irene

SHOP
at the
CO-OP
YOUR SCHOOL STORE
Put Money Into Your Own Pocket

Compliments of

BOND BREAD

Dear Norma,

I guess I'm the first Twinklein to write something nice in one of your yearbooks. I'll try to make up for last year. For such a little girl you have an awful lot of goodness in you. Thanks for all the friendly advice. When I'm a sophomore next year, I hope to be as kind and understanding to my freshmen. Remember me as a "normal minister's kid". I hope I see you again some time - very, very happy and contented - you will be, you know, if you stick to your plans.

Love and God's richest blessings,

Carolyn Twinklein

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Congratulations graduates!

from the

CENTURY BAKING CO.

BRIDGETON, N. J.

Ernest Werner, Sr. Albert Werner, Sr.

CRESTWOOD MARKET

Michael L. Musachio

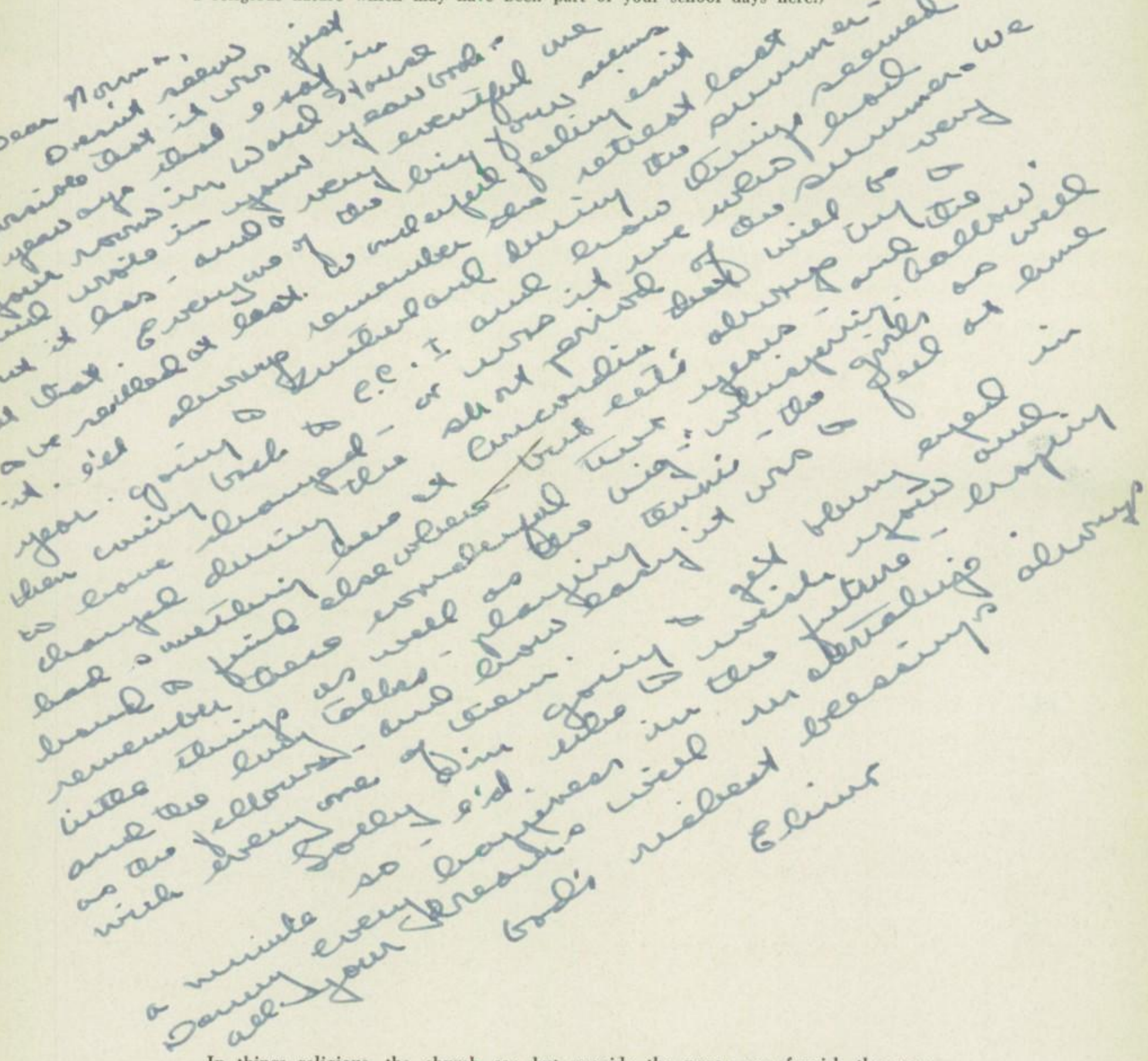
CRESTWOOD BAKE SHOP

12A Fisher Avenue

Tuckahoe, N. Y. Tuckahoe 3-7373

I HAVE SERVED

(Your church has provided this page for you to write up your personal reminiscences covering your service to The Village Church, your chapel talks or any other experience of a religious nature which may have been part of your school days here.)



In things religious, the church can but provide the page: you furnish the copy.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH — Lutheran

HISTORY IS NOT BUNK

An Institution which has weathered the financial storms and lived through the economic crises of 234 years deserves the attention of all thinking men.

The Fund holds first place in history and in the hearts of the ministry.

Write at once to:

PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS' FUND
AN INTERDENOMINATIONAL ORGANIZATION
PROVIDING LIFE INSURANCE FOR ALL PROTESTANT MINISTERS

Alexander Mackie, *President*

The Oldest Chartered Life Insurance Company in the World
Founded 1717 — *Chartered by the Penns in* 1759

Home Office:
1805 Walnut Street
Philadelphia 3, Penna.

Boston Office:
14 Beacon Street
Boston 8, Mass.

St. Louis Office:
1202 Arcade Bldg.
St. Louis 1, Mo.

Atlanta Office:
1415 Candler Bldg.
Atlanta 3, Ga.

Chicago Office:
Chicago Temple
Chicago 2, Ill.

Dallas Office:
624 Commercial Bldg.
Dallas 1, Texas.

Dear Norma (Mama)

I don't know what I would have done without our dear motherly counseling. Its been wonderful knowing you and all the Sophmores. Please don't ever forget us and write to us from ST. Jon. Thanks for the hat. I hope you didn't miss the tea too much. The best of everything always to a wonderful friend.

Love
Joan (Birkenstock)

YOnkers 3-5400-1-2

FISCHER & MILLER, Inc.

MEATS AND POULTRY

94 - 96 WOODWORTH AVENUE

YONKERS, N. Y.

BEekman 3-1931

Compliments of

CARROLL GOOD, Inc.

"The Best in Church and Sunday School Supplies"

17 PARK PLACE

NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

WILLIAM GURDIN CO.
37 HUDSON STREET
Yonkers 2, New York

Compliments of

A FRIEND

TOWERS BARBER SHOP
113 PONDFIELD ROAD
Bronxille, N. Y.
Tel. BRonxville 2-9788

BRonxville 2-1738 Call and Deliver

HAMILTON CLEANERS
Dyeing — Pressing — Repairing
5 PARK PLACE
Bronxville 8, N. Y.

MOunt Vernon 8-7140

FRED C. ROSCHER, INC.
Commercial and Social Stationers
19 FOURTH AVENUE
Mount Vernon, New York

BEST WISHES
for
1951 Graduating Class
Mr. and Mrs. OTTO A. KNAPPE

Tel. BUtterfield 8-4881 Prompt Delivery

JOE'S DELICATESSEN
Dairies — Fruits — Groceries
Choice Delicacies — Sandwiches — Cakes
- All Kinds Of Home Made Salads -
1225 LEXINGTON AVENUE
Bet. 83rd and 84th Sts. New York City

CLASS VALEDICTORIAN
Our cleaning speaks for itself
SPIC & SPAN
Valetorium, Inc.
Sameday DeLuxe Service
79 PONDFIELD ROAD
Bronxville, N. Y. BRonxville 2-2287

HILLMANN'S RESTAURANT

Charcoal Broiled Steaks — Chops — Lobsters

DINNER

Weddings — Banquets — Parties

Reservations: White Plains 9-9682 (Closed Tuesday)

131 Central Avenue just below Hartsdale Corners

Hartsdale, N. Y.

CORNELL'S

THE HARDWARE DEPARTMENT STORE

107 - 109 Lake Avenue

TU. 3-3787

80-82 Yonkers Avenue

BR. 2-3788

Compliments of

E. L. TOOL & DIE CO.

62 WEST 47th STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y.

EMIL LEIBFARTH, *Prop.*

5/22/61

Norma - First, let me wish all the happiness in the world to you and Lenny. I'm sure God will be wonderful to you both. Now, let me say that it has been Terrific seeing you and all the other kids. Remember with you and all the good times we had on Cape Cod? I think we've really been overdue for a get together and the rest of luck to you and Lenny. Margie.

Dear Norma,
You were one of the first co-ed's that I met at CCI and you are one of the nicest that I met. all the time I was the Diva for your and worked in the mess hall so that you could make out" when Dany could. And I'm greatest blessing and Dany knowing you. Hope future. "Spud" Etc just by in the

P. S. I'm sorry I made such a mess of this entry. Honestly I didn't do it on purpose.

BEST WISHES

— *of* —

BARR, GLEASON & BARR, Inc.

BUILDERS

NEW YORK BOSTON

Compliments of

F. M. SCHILDWACHTER & SONS

2970 E. TREMONT AVENUE

★ *Fuel Oil*

★ *Domestic*

★ *Industrial*

TA 8-2500

THE ALUMNI and ALUMNAE

PROUDLY ACKNOWLEDGE

Concordia Collegiate Institute

As their own Alma Mater and congratulate the present student body upon choosing Concordia as their Alma Mater, and wish them every success and happiness in all their activities upon the campus. Every loyal son and daughter of Concordia wishes the school new and greater successes, and pledges himself to make possible

A Greater Concordia

We are supporting The Greater Concordia Fund

Dear Norma,
it certainly has been a wonderful year, and knowing you has even made it better. there are many things to remember about this year, but I always remember the talks we had, and all the fun. I sure am looking forward to seeing you in St. Louis again. till then, best of Luck to a wonderful girl, + God be with you in all you do. — "Gabby"

LUTHERAN EDUCATION SOCIETY

has proudly served

Concordia Collegiate Institute

for

FORTY-FOUR YEARS, 1907 - 1951

With God's blessing and with your support the Society will continue to serve and loyally make our contributions to The Greater Concordia Fund, so that a greater and still more serviceable Concordia can exist.

The Lutheran Education Society

Joseph S. Dorfmueller, *president*

Miss Rose E. Gundall, *secretary*

OFFICE: Concordia Collegiate Institute, Bronxville 8, N. Y.

BEST WISHES

— From —

THE CONCORDIA WOMEN'S GUILD

of

LONG ISLAND

Sincerest congratulations upon your graduation!

May God's blessings attend your every endeavor!

Synod's Pension Fund is standing by to assist you after your graduation from the Seminary in providing for the eventual day of your retirement after a life of service in the Church.

THE BOARD OF SUPPORT AND PENSIONS

We wish to thank the graduating students and faculty for their cooperation in helping us to produce the fine photographic work in this annual.

LINCOLN - ALLEN STUDIOS

WESTCHESTERS LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Official Photographers for the Class of 1950 *and* 1951

37 PROSPECT AVENUE

Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Mt. Vernon 7-9358

New Rochelle 6-9617

502A MAIN STREET

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Yonkers 3-9595

50 MAIN STREET

Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Norma,
It's really been terrific knowing you this year. I wish you all God's blessings and happiness in life. Have a good summer.
Dick

OUR UNITED EFFORTS

NEARING completion on the bank of the East River in New York City looms the imposing new United Nations structure. Already it has become a symbol of hope to those nations striving for world peace.

As you endeavor to build your life's career, your prime objective - the one toward which all your talents and training is being geared at BRONXVILLE — is to help make the world one through faith in Christ. The divine imperative that rests on us all is to point men to that "peace which passeth all understanding."

Our unceasing ministry of print, coupled with your multiplied use of these Christ-centered materials, is a noble, soul-satisfying work, for our cooperative labors reach into the lives of countless thousand around the globe with the precious message that leads men to the one Unifier and Source of lasting hope and peace.

Your Synod-owned publishing house, one of the largest in the world devoted exclusively to religious publishing, is equipped to supply you with the modern tools and practical aids that will help make your personal part in the upbuilding of . . . Christ's kingdom more easy and more effective.

Our united efforts cannot and will not fail.

(The next time you are in St. Louis be sure to take an interesting, guided tour of your official publishing house.)

CONCORDIA PUBLISHING HOUSE — Saint Louis 18, Missouri

Compliments of . . .

SMITH MILLER CO.

SANITARY PRODUCTS

Portchester, N. Y.

BR. 2-2222

PARKWAY PHARMACY

52 PONDFIELD ROAD WEST

Free Delivery Service

Bronxville 8, N. Y.

Compliments of . . .

DOCTOR QUENTIN

A Healthful, Nourishing,
ENERGY FOOD

Breyers ICE CREAM

BREYER
ICE CREAM COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

For a Real Vacation

Come to

CAMP PIONEER

On the South Shore of Lake Erie at Angola, N. Y.

Physical Relaxation
Spiritual Stimulation
Accommodations for all age groups
Separate Children's Camps (Ages 8-12)
7th Season — June 16 to Sept. 19, 1951

Write for your copy of the 1951 descriptive brochure listing program, speakers, conferences, rates:

REV. ERNEST E. HEUER, *Director*
653 Michigan Avenue Buffalo 3, N. Y.

Camp Pioneer is owned and operated by The Lutheran Laymen's League, Western New York District, Inc., The Pioneer District Walther League cooperating. ITS PURPOSE: *To provide an enjoyable Christian vacation for our Lutheran people.*

RESERVED

June 3, 1951

Dear Norma,

You've reserved here a full page for me; the room I hardly need, for I could just as well say in a few words for this reason: What I feel could hardly be expressed by any tongue, so what can a pen afford? But what I can say, no matter how imperfectly, I'll attempt. I love you very much, as you have been frequently, (often upon prompting) informed. But the word "love" is a broad concept, so the depth of the love is certainly something which you will have to infer from my attitude toward you and in my written declaration & its profundity.

Through the years, when we are apart and when we are together, remember this year at Concordia, the times we had together, the friends we knew. Remember when you had labrengitus (German spelling [hah!]), my trip to your house at Thanksgiving and Easter, your trip to my house at Christmas and during semester vacation. Remember our pinochle games in the lounge, and don't forget the forty dates. But you can forget "Bean." And so on and so forth remember all the memories here pictured in this book.

But most of all don't forget, I love you, and you won't need the trees to testify to that fact.

All my love,

Danny

Dear Norma,

Well, now that I'm washed maybe I'll have inspiration. Gee, what can I say? It has been wonderful working with you through these two years. We've shared so many trials, tribulations and joy. Remember all our pioneering? At last we got all we wished for, those crazy final & especially Quant. Lab. We should have moved in. Don't you think? And don't forget the Organic. If it hadn't been for the fellows the times wouldn't have been half as crazy. Although the two of us don't do too badly. Honestly I'm going to miss you a lot you've been a real pal and have helped me through many a trying day. Keep up that laugh and happy disposition.

Don't forget the time we were in Kessmeyer alone & had chocolates early in the morning & late at night. Nuts to you too!

Well, Norma, I wish you all the good things life can give you. & know you'll have all the success you wish for. All the happiness for the future with that certain "someone," when he comes along may go. May the Lord keep and bless you always.

Love,

Patty

P.S. "Don't forget to write."

YEARBOOK HOUSE
KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI